

BRITISH THEATRE; OPERA S.



LONDON.

Printed by John Bell near Exeter Exchange in
Strand May 1st 1777.

156.C-25
BELL'S
BRITISH THEATRE,

SUPPLIED
Consisting of the most esteemed
FOR THE
ENGLISH PLAYS.

156.C-25
VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

The BEGGAR'S OPERA, by Mr. GAY.
ACHILLES, by Mr. GAY.
POLLY, by Mr. GAY.
The GENTLE SHEPHERD, by ALLAN RAMSAY.
COMUS, by JOHN MILTON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

Act 3.

BEGGARS OPERA.



J. Roberts del.

Published for the Theatre by J. Roberts

J. Roberts

*MR. VERNON in the Character of MACKHEATH
& If thus a Man can Die
Much colder with Brandy.*



Gou del.

Performed at the Theatre Dec^r 1770.

Thompson del.

M^{rs} HARTLEY in the Character of LADY JANE GREY

Well's Characteristical Edition.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

BY JOHN GAY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Translated from the Prompt Book, by permission of the Managers,

PUBLIC **BOOKS** **CONTAINS** **PROMPTER.**

CHARACTERISTICS.

'Tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by 'em.—Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.—But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged.—Have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow. **PEACHUM.**

Peachum intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him.—The dog is lucky in his liquor; I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—Peachum is my companion, my friend.—According to the custom of the world indeed he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me—and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return? **LOCKIT.**

Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends.—When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. I am not a mere court friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.—I love the sex, and a man who loves money might as well be contented with one guinea as I with one woman.—The Town perhaps hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies as to any recruiting officer in the army.—I must have women: there is nothing unbecomes the mind like them; money is not so strong a cordial for the time. **MACHEATH.**

These seven handkerchiefs Madam, and this snuffbox.—I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Fox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then, since I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.—I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mispaw I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence—but if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure it is what I cannot undertake for another session. **FILCH.**

Why are the laws, level'd at us! are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conquest. **JEM. TWITTCH.**

Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death? **CROOKFINGER'D JACK.**

Sound men and true!

Of tried courage and indefatigable industry!

Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

Shew me a gang of coublers that can say as much. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow steals what he was never made to enjoy: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of? **MAT. OF THE MINT.**

We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life. **B. BUDGE.**

'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it abominable. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.—Awry hussy! hang your husband, and be dutiful. **Mrs. PEACH.**

What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.—I know my heart; I cannot survive him.—Oh how I fear! how I tremble!—I'll flay with her till death.—No force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—Oh! twixt thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee! **POLLY PEACHUM.**

Oh Macheath! to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.—I could tear thy eyes out.—Oh thou been hanged five months ago I had been happy—for I love thee so that I could never bear to see thee hang'd than in the arms of another. **LUCY LOCKIT.**



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

PEACHUM,		<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
LOCKIT,		Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilton.
MACHEATH,		Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Dunstall.
FILCH,		Mr. Vernon.	Mr. Mattocks.
JEMMY TWITCHER,		Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Wewitzer.
CROOKFINGER'D JACK,	} <i>Macheath's Gang.</i>	Mr. Wright.	
WAT. DREARY,		Mr. Wrihten.	
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT,		Mr. Norris.	
NIMMING NED,		Mr. Carpenter.	
HARRY PADDINGTON,		Mr. Griffith.	
MAT. OF THE MINT,		Mr. Marr.	
BEN. BUDGE,		Mr. Kear.	Mr. Baker.
BEGGAR,		Mr. Burton.	
PLAYER,		Mr. Waldron.	
		Mr. Whitfield.	

Constables, Drawers, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. PEACHUM,		Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Pitt.
POLLY PEACHUM,		Mrs. Smith.	Miss Brown.
LUCY LOCKIT,		Mrs. Wrihten.	Miss Catley.
DIANA TRAPER,		Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. White.
Mrs. COAXER,	} <i>Women of the Town.</i>	Mrs. Millidge.	Mrs. Whitfield.
DOLLY TRULL,		Mrs. Musgrove.	
Mrs. VIXEN,		Miss Platt.	
BETTY DOXY,		Mrs. Palmer.	
JENNY DIVER,		Mrs. Davies.	Mrs. Pouffin.
Mrs. SLAMMEKIN,		Mrs. Johnson.	Mrs. Green.
SUKY TAWDRY,		Mrs. Smith.	
MOLLY BRAZEN,		Mrs. Brathwait.	

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

IF poverty be a title to poetry I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the Company of Beggars, and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

Play. As we live by the Muses it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dulness. Be the author who he will we push his play as far as it will go; so (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

Beg. This Piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the families that are in all your celebrated operas, The Swallow, The Moth, The Bee, The Ship, The Flower, &c.: besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue, for I have no recitative excepting this. As I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue it must be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The Piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Play. But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. [*Exeunt.*]

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA*.

ACT I.

SCENE, PEACHUM'S house.

PEACHUM *sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.*

AIR I. *An old woman clothed in gray.*

THRO' all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions berogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknives the divine,
And the statesman because he's so great
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine: like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em; for 't is but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats since we live by 'em.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security: but as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg Sir is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! when I took him the time before I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve: I may venture to book him: [*Writes.*] for Tom Gagg forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to-year than any five of the gang, and in truth 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

* The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

Peach. If none of the gang takes her off she may in the common course of business live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward. There is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute she is a fine woman! 'twas to her I was obliged for my education. (To say a bold word) She hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gamingtable.

Peach. Truly Filch thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR II. *The bonny gray-ey'd morn, &c.*

Filch. 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when most she's kind
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And Beauty must be feed into our arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 't is a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction. [*Exit.*]

Peach. But it is now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crookfinger'd Jack, a year and a half in the service: let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five, gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuffboxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad cloth. Considering these are only fruits of his leisure hours I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more en-

raging preface of mind upon the road. Wat. Dreary, alias Brown Will; an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington; a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next sessions, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat. of the Mint, lifted not above a month ago; a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the publick, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tiddle; a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself or to make others stand! a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty.

Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear! he's a favourite customer of mine; 't was he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black-list, that's all my dear! he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear! I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the brave that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. *Gold and raw, &c.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Tho' she be never so ugly,
Lillies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous smugly.
Beneath the left ear to fit but a cord
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry There dies an Adonis!

But really, husband, you should not be too hardhearted, for you never had a finer braver set of men than at present.

We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear! that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for! No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear! you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an overscrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? so, my dear! have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear! and though the bank hath stopt payment he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the Captain! if he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly, me, and Bob Booty, at a party at quadrille. Pray, my dear! is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolatehouses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really I am sorry upon Polly's account the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! what a plague does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any skill in the ways of women I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? you would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly should be in love how should we help her; or how can she help herself? Poor girl! I'm in the utmost concern about her.

AIR IV. *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd?*

If love the virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
She's—what I dare not name.

Peach. Look ye wife, a handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can in any thing but marriage: after that, my dear! how shall we be safe? are we not then in her husband's power? for a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court-lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit; sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be like a court-lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear! you may injure the girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the Captain liberties in the view of interest.

Peach. But 't is your duty, my dear! to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment and sift her. In the mean-time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city. [Exit.

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband! Why must our Polly forsooth differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR V. *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

A maid is like the golden ore
Which hath guineas intrinſical in 't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is try'd and impreſt in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold
Stamp'd with the name of her ſpoſe,
Now here, now there, is bought or is ſold,
And is current in ev'ry houſe.

Enter FILCH.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither Filch. I am as fond of this child as tho' my mind miſgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimblefingered as a juggler. If an unlucky ſeſſion does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory. Where was your poſt laſt night my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the opera Madam, and conſidering 't was neither dark nor rainy, ſo that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. Theſe ſeven handkerchiefs Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Coloured ones I ſee. They are of ſure ſale from our warehouſe at Redriff among the ſeamen.

Filch. And this ſnuff box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! a pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs ſo deep and narrow! It ſtuck by the way, and I was forced to make my eſcape under a coach. Really, Madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth, ſo that every now and then, ſince I was pumpt, I have thoughts of taking up and going to ſea.

Mrs. Peach. You ſhould go to Hockley-in-the-Hole and to Marybone child, to learn valour: theſe are the ſchools that have bred ſo many brave men. I thought boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the firſt ſact I'll ensure thee from being hanged; and going to ſea, Filch, will come time enough upon a ſentence of transportation. But now ſince you have nothing better to do, even go to your book and learn your catechiſm, for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's paper who cannot give a ſatisfactory answer to his queſtions. But

Hark you my lad, don't tell me a lie, for you know I hate a liar; do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me, for I must either tell a lie to you or to Miss Polly, for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned—

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking. [Exeunt.

Enter PEACHUM and POLLY.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly: we have it in our natures papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to show how much I love her?

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around;
But when once pluck'd 't is no longer alluring,
'To Covent-garden 't is sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have play'd the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat off. Now you know my mind.

*Enter Mrs. PEACHUM.*AIR VII. *O London is a fine town.**Mrs. PEACHUM [in a very great passion.]*

Our Polly is a sad slut ! nor heeds what we 'ave taught her,
 I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter !
 For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell her
 pride,
 With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will have men
 beside;
 And when she's drest with care and cost, alltempting, fine and
 gay,
 As men should serve a cucumber she flings herself away.

You baggage ! you hussy ! you inconsiderate jade ! had you
 been hang'd it would not have vex'd me, for that might
 have been your misfortune ; but to do such a mad thing
 by choice ! The wench is married husband.

Peach. Married ! the Captain is a bold man, and will
 risk any thing for money : to be sure he believes her a for-
 tune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived
 comfortably so long together if ever we had been married
 baggage ?

Mrs. Peach. I knew shew as always a proud slut, and
 now the wench hath played the fool and married, because
 forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support
 the expence of a husband hussy, in gaming, drinking,
 and whoring ? have you money enough to carry on the
 daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander
 most ? There are not many husbands and wives who can
 bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome
 way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody
 into our family but a highwayman ? Why, thou foolish
 jade, thou wilt be as ill used and as much neglected as if
 thou hadst married a lord !

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear ! break through
 the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself
 in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession.
 Besides what he hath already I know he is in a fair way
 of getting or of dying ; and both these ways, let me tell
 you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me hussy,
 are you ruin'd or no ?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune she might very well
 have gone off to a person of distinction : yes, that you
 might you pouting slut !

Peach. What! is the wench dumb? speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[*Pinches her.*

Polly. Oh!

[*Screaming.*

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all: they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR VIII. *Grim king of the ghosts, &c.*

Polly. Can love be controll'd by advice?

Will Cupid our mothers obey?

'Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice

At his flame 't would have melted away.

When he kist me so sweetly he prest,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd,

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law in hopes to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money—but I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!

[*Faints.*

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out and returns with it.*

Ah hussy! now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

Polly. Give her another glass Sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shows such a readiness and so much concern that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. *O Jeany, O Jeany! where hast thou been?*

O Polly! you might have toy'd and kiss;
By keeping men off you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teas'd me,
And he so pleas'd me,
What I did you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—you sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you wife. 'Tis no new thing for a
wench to take man without consent of parents. You know
the frailty of woman my dear!

Mrs. Peach. Yes indeed the sex is frail; but the first
time a woman is frail she should be somewhat nice me-
thinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune:
after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself
from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought
shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melan-
choly Polly? since what is done cannot be undone we
must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly, as far as one woman can for-
give another I forgive thee.—Your father is too fond of
you hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely speech in troth for a
wench who is just married!

AIR X. *Thomas, I cannot, &c.*

Polly. I like a ship in storms was tost,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty's paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore
I ask no more;
My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with
them Polly, but come again as soon as they are gone.—
But hark ye child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here
yesterday about the repeating watch, say you believe we
can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent
to Suky Straddle to make a figure with to-night at a
vern in Drury-lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the
silver-hilted sword, you know beetlebrow'd Jemmy has

it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then. [*Exit Polly.*] Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly I grant you hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear! hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That indeed is a point which ought to be considered.

AIR XI. *A soldier and a sailor.*

A fox may steal your hens Sir,
A whore your health and pence Sir,
Your daughter rob your chest Sir,
Your wife may steal your rest Sir,
A thief your goods and plate;
But this is all but picking,
With rest, peace, chest, and chicken:
It ever was decreed Sir,
If lawyer's hand is feed Sir,
He steals your whole estate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned; he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happen'd last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now,

Polly to your affair; for matters must not be as they are. You are married then it seems?

Polly. Yes Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live child?

Polly. Like other women Sir; upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the wench turn'd fool? a highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage Polly?

Polly. I do n't know what you mean Sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him Sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What! murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it!

Peach. Fy Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, husband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

Polly. Oh ponder well! be not severe;

So fave a wretched wife,

For on the rope that hangs my dear

Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents huffy obliges you to hate him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. *Le printemps rappelle aux amans*

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove;
Down the drops quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in death as pair'd in love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me mother—if you ever lov'd—

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed playbooks the reads have been her ruin. One word more huffy and I shall knock your brains out if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way Polly for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away huffy. Hang your husband, and be dutiful. [*Polly listening.*] The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peach'd the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear! it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have an hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world; and make gratitude give way to interest.—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

[*Exeunt Peachum and Mrs. Peachum.*]

Polly. Now I'm a wretch indeed.—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nose-gay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve! What then will become of Polly?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! that too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy—If he stays he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out lest some accident should prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns with Macbeath.*]

AIR XIV. *Pretty parrot, say, &c.*

Mac. Pretty Polly say
When I was away
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

Polly. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll.

Mac. O pretty, pretty Poll!

Polly. And are you as fond of me as ever my dear?

Mac. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR XV. *Pray fair one be kind.*

Mac. My heart was so free
It roav'd like the bee
Till Polly my passion requited;
I sapt each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure my dear you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mac. Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a lookingglass, or any woman from quadrille—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. *Over the hills and far away.*

Mac. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost
Too soon the half year's night would pass.

Polly. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

Mac. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Ev'ry night would kiss and play,

Mac. If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly. Over the hills and far away.

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.

Mac. How! part?

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee: thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. *Can thou wert my own thing.*

Polly. O what pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss and then——one kiss——Begone——Farewell!

Mac. My hand, my heart, my dear! is so riveted to thine that I cannot unloose my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks perhaps may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

Mac. And I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mac. If you doubt it let me stay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when safety will give you leave you will be sure to see me again, for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR XVIII. *O the broom, &c.*

[Parting, and looking back at each other with fondness, he at one door, she at the other.]

Mac. The miser thus a shilling fees

Which he's oblig'd to pay,

With lights resigns it by degrees,

And fears 't is gone for aye.

Polly. The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,

The bird in silence eyes,

But soon as out of fight 't is gone

Whins, whimpers, fobs, and cries.

ACT II.

SCENE, *a tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, CROOKFINGER'D JACK, WAT. DREARY, ROBIN OF BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADDINGTON, MAT. OF THE MINT, BEN. BUDGE, and the rest of the gang, at the table with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

BEN.

BUT prithee Mat. what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelvemonth, and so clever made a fellow he was that I could not save him from those fleaing rascals the surgeons, and now poor man he is among the otamys at Surgeons'-Hall.

Ben. So it seems his time was come.

Jem. But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms and the right of conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who to a man are above the fear of death?

Wat. Sound men and true!

Robin. Of tried courage and indefatigable industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

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Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the freehearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all. Fill the glasses.

AIR XIX. *Fill ev'ry glass, &c.*

Mat. Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us

And fires us

With courage, love, and joy.

Women and wine should life employ;

Is there ought else on earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

Enter MACHEATH.

Mac. Gentlemen, well met: my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you Sir this evening upon the Heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stagecoachmen in the way of friendship and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with.

Mac. I was to have been of that party—but—

Mat. But what Sir?

Mac. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mac. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mac. In the division of our booty have I ever shewn the least mark of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By certain signs something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mac. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peach of us that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

Mac. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mac. Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and till it is accommodated I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him our gang is ruined.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

Mac. Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Mac. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the table.]

AIR XX. *March in Rinaldo with drums and trumpets.*

Mat. Let us take the road.

Hark! I hear the sound of drums.

The hour of attack approaches.

To your arms brave boys and maid.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil fire.

Our fire their fire surpass.

And turns all our lead to gold.

[The gang, ranged in the front of the stage, sing the following part in chorus.]

Mac. What a fool is he that trusts in his own strength! I have been soundly bit. I love the life of a beggar, and might as well be content to live in the streets as in a woman. The Town, perhaps, will be glad to have me for recruiting it with soldiers. I have been recruiting officer in the army, and have seen other gentlemen of the sword and the law, who have been habituated.

AIR XXI. *Would you have a young virgin, &c.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly sweetly
Raises the spirits and charms our ears.
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
Press her,
Caress her:
With blisses
Her kisses
Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women: there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time—Drawer,

Enter DRAWER.

is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute; but you know Sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's-lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, coming! *[Exit.]*

Enter Mrs. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, Mrs. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, Mrs. SLAMMEKIN, SUKY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN.

Mac. Dear Mrs. Coaxer! you are welcome; you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me you slut! are you as amorous as ever hussy? you are always so taken up with stealing hearts that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else: ah Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette.—Mrs. Vixen! I'm your's; I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxy! come hither hussy; do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wine, for in troth Betty strong waters will in time ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters.—What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and as ever! there is not any prude, tho' ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look with a more mischievous heart: ah, thou art a dear artful hypocrite! —Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever: all so I am, who know your own beauty affect an un-

dress.—But see! here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying; every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her back: why, Suky, you must keep at least a dozen tallymen.—Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] “that’s well done; I love a freehearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance girl, and art as willing as a turtle.”—But hark! I hear musick: “the harper is at the door. If musick be the food of love play on.” Ere you seat yourselves ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter HARPER.

Play the French tune that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.
 “*[A dance à la ronde in the French manner, near the end of
 “it this song and chorus.]*”

AIR. XXII. *Catillon.*

Youth’s the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty,
 She alone who that employs
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let’s be gay
 While we may,
 Beauty’s a flower despis’d in decay.

Chorus. Youth’s the season, &c.
 Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Ours is not to-morrow;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time’s on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

Mac. Now pray, ladies, take your place. *[Enter Suky.]*
[Pays the harper.] But the harper being a gentleman
[Exit harper.] If a gentleman, he will be so free to call

Jenny. You look enough for me. Indeed, I am not so young as I was
 but when I have the chance

Mac. Just the excuse of the French! who
 quality is never without the excuse. I hope, if
 you have had good success in your mercers.

Coax. We have so many good clothes, yet
 one may still have a little lace, a pair of
 lute string and a piece of black ribbon, which I
 lock but last week.

Viz. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattle-snake: she riveted a linendraper's eye so fast upon her that he was nicked of three pieces of cambrick before he could look off.

Braz. Oh, dear Madam! — But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces; and then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.

Viz. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coar. If any woman hath more art than another to be sure 't is Jenny Diver: though her fellow be never so agreeable she can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman.

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men, for my pleasure: but had I your address Madam —

Mac. Have done with your compliments ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me Jenny as you used to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. *All in a misty morning.*

Before the barndoor crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do agen?

Mac. Ah Jenny! thou art a dear slut!

Par. Part, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. No, Madam, I ha' n't been so long upon the Town but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbour.

Par. Part, Madam, I meant no harm by the question; 't was only in the way of conversation.

Tawd. Part, Madam, if I had not been a fool I might have parted handsomely with my last friend; but upon

his missing five guineas he turned me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew, and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

Tawd. Now for my part I own I like an old fellow, for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce 'prentice, let me tell you ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely: I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

Jen. But to be sure Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road you must be grown immensely rich.

Mac. The road indeed hath done me justice, but the gamingtable hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. *When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.*

Fenny. The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle your all is in danger;
Like gippies, if once they can finger a fouse
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. There are the tools of a man of honour: cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends.

[She takes up her book, looking at the other]

Tawd. This, Sir, is the loss of your hand. Besides your loss of money 'tis a loss to the nation. Costing takes away from women. How tender'd will be of you and before company 'tis ill bred.

Mac. Wanton huffie

Gen. I must and will. *(Exit Chief to make arrangements.)*

[They take him about the

Constables, who rush

Peach. I seize you

Mac. Was this well done, my boy? — Was not the

ducks; who can trust
Furies, whores!

Prash. Your café, Mr. Macher, has been frequented by the greatest heroes have

them justice I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures if we could trust them. You must now Sir take your leave of the ladies; and if they have a mind to make you a visit they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. *When first I laid siege to my Gloriz.*

Mat. At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such Furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

[*Exit Macheath guarded, with Peachum and Constables; the women remain.*]

Vix. Look ye Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Suky Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me justice) should be set down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair, for you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jen. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Suky will join with me: as for any thing else ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be saved Madam——

Slam. May then I must stay here all night——

Tawdry. Since you command me. [*Exe. with great ceremony.*]
Town but
my neighbour

SCENE, Newgate.

Trull. Parson, Turnkeys, MACHEATH, and Constables.

Tawdry. Captain! you are welcome; you have not
have . . . of mine this year and half. You know the

custom Sir; garnish, Captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

Mac. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 't is fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mac. I understand you Sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those I see will fit the Captain better.—Take down the further pair.—Do but examine them Sir—Never was better work—How genteelly they are made!—They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

[*Exeunt Lockit, Turnkeys, and Constables.*]

AIR XXVI. *Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm.*

Mac. Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outliv'd the doctor's pill;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woful plight have I brought my self! I (all day long till I am hanged) be-
reproaches of a wench who lays her hands on me. I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure of the matter I shall have my execution.—

—What signifies a promise to a woman, who in marriage itself means to perjure herself? for they look on their own inclination as a law, and cannot get fr-

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. You base man you!—how can you look me in the face after what hath past between us?—See here, perfidious wretch! how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—Oh Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet—to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. *A lovely lass to a friar came.*

Thus when a good hufwife fees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit a pat
In revenge for her loss of bacon;
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat
To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

Mac. Have you no bowels, no tendernefs, my dear Lucy! to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Mac. In every respect but the form, and that, my dear! may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

AIR XXVIII. *'Twas when the sea was roaring.*

How cruel are the traitors
Who lie and swear in jest
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest?
Whoever steals a shilling
Thro' shame the guilt conceals;
In love the perjurd villain
With boasts the theft reveals.

Mac. The very first opportunity my dear! (have but patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum?—I could

Tawd. Yes out.

Town but see, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be my neighbour.

Mac. Paro, ou not married to her you brutè you?

Lucy. Married! very good! The wench gives it out on-

Tawd. And to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis have

say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy! these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

Mac. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear Lucy! to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage.—What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly.

Mac. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXIX. *The Sun had loosed his weary teams.*

The first time at the lookingglass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the finishing glass
With selflove ever after:
Each time she looks she, lovelier grows,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows deeper;
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but her own
Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauty, they are unreasonable in their demands; they expect that men should like them as long as they are young.

Lucy. Yonder is my father. I shall be in the light upon the Ordinary as soon as I can. I am as good as your word—for I long to be married to a woman.

Enter PEACHUM and LOCK.

Lock. In this last affair you have consented to.

Peach. We shall never as to that article, pro-

Lock. If you will run your eye over it you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded I beg you.

AIR XXX. *How happy are we, &c.*

When you censure the age
Be cautious and sage
Lest the courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe
Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case, for he told me in the condemned hold that for value received you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour attacks my livelihood

Tarwell. usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Town. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you my neighbour Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of

Par. the money for the apprehending of Curpa-

Tarwell. tion; indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually have

Lock. Is this language to me sirrah—who have sav'd you from the gallows sirrah! [*Collaring each other.*]

Peach. If I am hanged it shall be for ridding the world of an errant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!—

Peach. Brother, brother—we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuffbox that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you huffy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it not in my power to obey you and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a sensible woman: 'tis not the fashion now-a-days to affect sorrow upon these occasions. Never marry if she had not the chance of misadventure. Act like a woman of spirit huffy, and let your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. *Of a noble race was*

Lucy. Is then his fate decreed Sir?
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met so moves me yet;
Oh! see how my heart is splitting.

Lock. Look ye Lucy—there is no think you must even do like other weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think ere many days ensue
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife go moan over your dying husband: that, child, is your duty.—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can by getting all you can from him. [Exit.

Enter MACHEATH.

Lucy. Tho' the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear! you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples.—Oh Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas think you move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business the perquisite is the most prevailing.—Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well timed and properly applied will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. *London ladies.*

If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.

What love or money can do shall be done; for
Comfort depends upon your safety.

Enter POLLY.

Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever
For this neck!—Oh let me throw my arms about

Tawd. Give thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away
Town but 'tis thy Polly—'tis thy wife.

my neighbour ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Frank. Paro. Where ever such another villain!

Mac. Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken!

Tawd. Tried! hanged!—Cruel reflection! I'll stay

have I shall death—no force shall tear thy dear wife

from thee now.—What means my love?—not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. *All in the Downs, &c.*

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the fath is closely pent,
His comfort with bemoaning lay
Without sits pining for th' event;
Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (poor bird!) her soul's with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distracted!

Lucy. Am I then bilked of my virtue? can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh villain! villain!

Polly. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me, too severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Polly. Barbarous husband!

Eucy. Hadst thou been hanged five months ago I had been happy.

Polly. And I too.—If you had been kind to me till death it would not have vexed me—and that's no very unreasonable request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? hast thou two wives monster?

Mac. If womens' tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

Polly. Shall I not claim my own?—Justice bids me speak!

AIR XXXV. *Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty.*

Mac. How happy could I be with either
Were t' other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together
To neither a word will I say,
But toll de roll, &c.

Polly. Sure, my dear! there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife; at least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. Oh villain! villain! thou hast deceived me.—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. *Iris trot.*

Polly. I'm bubbled.

Lucy. ——— I'm bubbled.

Polly. Oh how I am troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled and bit!

Polly. ——— My distresses are doubled.

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.

Polly. I'm bubbled, &c.

Mac. Be pacified my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hanged she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really Polly this is no time for a dispute of this sort, for whenever you are talking of marriage I am thinking of hanging.

Polly. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really Miss Peachum you but expose yourself: besides 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. Cease your funning,

Force or cunning

Never shall my heart trepan:

All these fallies

Are but malice

To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain

By their flirting

Women oft have envy shewn,

Pleas'd to ruin

Others' wooing,

Never happy in their own!

Decency, Macaria, methinks might teach you, to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband while his wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determined, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison I shall be obliged to send for the Turn-key to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so illbred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least Madam; and my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR. XXXVIII. *Good morrow gossip Joan,*

Lucy. Why, how now Madam Flirt?

If you thus must chatter,
And are for slinging dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!

Polly. Why, how now saucy jade?

Sure the wench is tipsy!

How can you see me made

The scold of such a gipsy?

Saucy jade!

[*To him.*]

[*To her.*]

Enter PEACHUM.

Peach. Where's my wench! Ah hussy, hussy!—Come you home you slut; and when your fellow is hanged hang yourself to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him.—I must speak; I have more to say to him.—Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! if ever they commit one folly they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves.—Away—not a word more.—You are my prisoner now hussy.

AIR XXXIX. *Iris bowl.*

Polly. No pow'r on earth can e'er divide

The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.

When parents draw against our mind

The true love's knot they faster bind.

Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—Oh, oh, &c.

[*Holding Macbeath, Peachum pulling her. Exit Peachum and Polly.*]

Mac. I am naturally compassionate wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear! I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the case her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No Lucy—I had rather die than be false to thee.

Lucy. How happy am I if you say this from your heart !
For I love thee so that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged
than in the arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hanged ?

Lucy. Oh Macheath ! I can never live to see that day.

Mac. You see, Lucy, in the account of love you are in
my debt ; and you must now be convinced that I rather
chuse to die than be another's—Make me if possible love
thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you re-
fuse to assist me Peachum and your father will immedi-
ately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with
the prisoners, and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his
own room—If I can procure the keys shall I go off with
thee my dear ?

Mac. If we are together 't will be impossible to lie con-
cealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool I
will send to thee—till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband—owe thy life to
me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that
Polly runs in my head strangely.

Mac. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XI. *The loss of Patie's Mill.*

Lucy. I like the fox shall grieve
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide,
Where cheat the wary pack ?
If love be not his guide
He never will come back.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

LOCKIT, LUCY.

LOCKIT.

TO be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and
abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter
Polly, and to be sure they know the ways of Newgate as

D

well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy! I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well then——if I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep your's Sir——I do wish I may be burnt, I do——and what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?——how much did he come down with? Come, huffy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you——Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done——How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know Sir I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard, for a girl in the bar of an alehouse is always besieged.

Lucy. Dear Sir! mention not my education——for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

AIR XLI. *If love's a sweet passion, &c.*

When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips and no more,
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot;
When the guest was departed the kiss was forgot:
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape huffy——have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing——and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut. Lucy——if you would not be looked upon as a fool you should never do any thing but upon the foot of interest: those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet women, and in love we are all fools alike——Notwithstanding all he swore I am now fully

convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife——
Did I let him escape (fool that I was!) to go to her?——
Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruined, because forsooth you must be in love!——A very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy strumpet——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it——Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR XLII. *South Sea ballad.*

My love is all madness and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a wretch as I!
With rage I redden like scarlet
That my dear inconstant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my resentment alarms.

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling Mistress Puffs!——Out of my sight wanton strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses.——Go. [*Exit Lucy.*] Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair, but I'll be even with him.——The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.——“Lions, wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, droves, or flocks——Of all animals of prey man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together.”——Peachum is my companion, my friend——According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me——and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return?

AIR XLIII. *Packington's pound.*

Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat;
 They flock to their prey at the dicebox's sound,
 And join to promote one another's deceit:
 But if by mishap
 They fail of a chap
 To keep in their hands they each other entrap;
 Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
 They bite their companions and prey on their friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can overreach the other. —Lucy—[*Enter Lucy.*] are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters in the next room with black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

Enter FILCH.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved, like a shotten herring.

Filch. "One had need have the constitution of a horse to go thro' the business.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence—but if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

Lock. "Truly if that great man should tip off it would be an irreparable loss. The vigour and prowess of a knight errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done."—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock * Sir, at The Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Exit Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him, and in the way of those transactions I'll artfully get into his secret—so that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A gaminghouse.*

MACHEATH in a fine tarnished coat, BEN. BUDGE, MAT. of the MINT.

Mac. I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of

* A cant word signifying a warehouse where stolen goods are deposited.

money. When my friends are in difficulties I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them money.*] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court-friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibulero.*

The modes of the court so common are grown
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get:
'Tis true you find
Some friends so kind
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
In sorrowful ditty
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break thro' the corruptions of the world—and while I can serve you you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties as oblige him to live with such ill company and herd with gamesters.

Mat. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may steal a horse better than another look over a hedge.—Of all mechanicks, of all servile handicraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest: but yet as many of the quality are of the profession he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected!

Mac. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

Mat. The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow-gold binding I am told is never without money.

Mac. What do you mean Mat.?—sure you will not think of meddling with him!—he's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

Mac. Have an eye upon the moneylenders—A rouleau or two would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Mat. Those rouleaus are very pretty things—I hate your bank-bills—there is such a hazard in putting them off.

Mac. There is a certain man of distinction who in his time hath nicked me out of a great deal of the ready: he is in my cash Ben—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dicebox in the other room; so, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

Mat. Upon honour.

SCENE, PEACHUM'S LOCK.

A table with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

Lock. The coronation-account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great variety of articles—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments——“This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. “A lady's tail of rich brocade.—That I see is disposed of.

Peach. “To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tallywoman, and she will make a good hand on't in shoes and slippers to trick out young ladies upon their going into keeping.—

Lock. “But I don't see any article of the jewels.

Peach. “Those are so well known that they must be sent abroad—you'll find them entered under the article of Exportation—As for the snuff boxes, watches, swords, &c. I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

Lock. “Seven-and-twenty womens' pockets complete, with the several things therein contained, all sealed, numbered, and entered.”

Peach. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair—we should have the whole day before us—Besides, the account of the last half-year's plate is in a book by itself, which lies at the other office.

Lock. “Bring us then more liquor”——To-day shall be for pleasure—to-morrow for business.—Ah brother! those daughters of ours are two slippery hussies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. *Down in the North country.*

Lock. What gudgeons are we men!

Ev'ry woman's easy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook agen
We bite and they betray.

The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

Peach. But what signifies catching the bird if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days—This is unkind of you brother, for among good friends what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter FILCH.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means—she's a good customer, and a fine spoken woman—and a woman who drinks and talks so freely will enliven the conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[*Exit Filch.*]

Enter MRS. TRAPES.

Dear Mrs. Dye! your servant—one may know by your kifs that your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors.

Lock. There is no perfumed breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips—ha'n't I Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. *A shepherd kept sheep, &c.*

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, &c.

Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, &c.

The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,

Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass, fa, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind brought in of late, mantuas—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why look ye Mrs. Dye—you deal so hard with us that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—To be sure of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament—three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for destroying the Mint was a severe cut upon our business—till then, if a customer stept out of the way—we knew where to have her—No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer—There's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together.—Since the act too against imprisonment for small sums my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat or a clean gown and I not have the least hank upon her; and o' my conscience now-a-days most ladies take delight in cheating when they can do it with safety!

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us th' other day for seven guineas—Considering we must have our profit—to a gentleman upon the road a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale—If you have any black velvet scarfs—they are a handsome winter wear, and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers—'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot: 'tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price; the gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half-a-crown to two guineas, and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking of me—Then too, allowing for accidents—I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hand—what with fees and other expenses there are great goings-out and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at least a month's clothing—We run great risks—great risks indeed.

Peach. As I remember you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, Sir—to be sure I stripped her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago, and have left her, as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of her's, at my house.

She called him up stairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackneycoach——and I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What Captain!

Trapes. He thought I did not know him——an intimate acquaintance of your's Mr. Peachum——only Captain Macheath——as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye! you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like——We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of nightclothes for your own wearing?——But are you sure it is Captain Macheath!

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at secondhand, for he always loved to have his ladies well drest.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain——you understand me——and we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't inquire after your affairs——so whatever happens I wash my hands on't——It hath always been my maxim that one friend should assist another——But if you please I'll take one of the scarfs home with me; 'tis always good to have something in hand. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Newgate.*

Enter LUCY.

Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weatherbeaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR XLVII. *One evening having lost my way,*

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost

Now high, now low, with each billow borne,

With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,

Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night

That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,

Shall appease my restless sprite.

I have the ratbane ready——I run no risk, for I can

lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally that I shall never be called in question.—But say I were to be hanged—I never could be hanged for any thing that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.
Lucy. Show her in.

Enter POLLY.

Dear Madam! your servant.—I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last—I was so overrun with the spleen that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen every thing is to be excused by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. *Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son.*

When a wife's in her pout
(As she's sometimes no doubt)
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.

—I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes—and really, Madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly—in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong waters are apt to give me the headach.—I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking—you seem mighty low in spirits my dear!

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer—I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly—I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful—but really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape no doubt all matters are made up again—Ah Polly! Polly! 't is I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly! are exactly alike: both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. *O Bessy Bell, &c.*

Polly. A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. What then in love can woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond they shun us,

Polly. And when we fly them they pursue,

Lucy. But leave us when they have won us.

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes that it is impossible to be lasting—but my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour I think I ought to envy you—When I was forced from him he did not shew the least tenderness—but perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. *Wou'd Fate to me Belinda give.*

Among the men coquettes we find
Who court by turns all womankind,
And we grant all their hearts desir'd
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.

The coquettes of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy! our husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections—Indeed, my dear Polly! we are both of us a cup too low: let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR LI. *Come sweet lass.*

Come 'sweet lass!
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow;

Come sweet lass!
 Let's take a chirping glass.
 Wine can clear
 The vapours of despair,
 And make us light as air;
 Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good—I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet.
 [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy can't be for nothing—at this time too when I know she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief—By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor I'm resolved.

Enter Lucy with strong waters.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear! excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me—Brandy and men (though women love them never so well) are always taken by us with some reluctance—unless 't is in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me—What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—now every glimmering of happiness is lost!

[Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.]

Lucy. Since things are thus I'm glad the wench hath escap'd, for by this event 't is plain she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd.

[Aside.]

Enter LOCKIT, MACHEATH, and PEACHUM.

Lock. Set your heart to rest Captain——You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape, for you are ordered to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away hussies!—this is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives—you see the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband! my heart long'd to see thee, but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly?
Why, hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me
thou hadst been safe.

AIR LII. *The last time I came o'er the moor.*

Polly. Hither, dear husband! turn your eyes,

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think with that look thy Polly dies.

Lucy. O shun me not, but hear me.

Polly. 'Tis Polly flies.

Lucy. 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting.

Polly. Mine too breaks.

Lucy. Must I,

Polly. Must I be slighted?

Mac. What would you have me say ladies?—You see
this affair will soon be at an end without my disobliging
either of you.

Peach. But the settling this point, Captain, might pre-
vent a lawsuit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's my true love, &c.*

Mac. Which way shall I turn me—how can I decide?

Wives the day of our death are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,

But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.

This way, and that way, and which way I will,

What would comfort the one t' other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insen-
sible to mine—a father sure will be more compassionate
—Dear, dear, Sir! sink the material evidence, and bring
him off at his trial—Polly upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. *I am a poor shepherd undone.*

When my hero in court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his life,

Then think of your Polly's tears,

For ah! poor Polly's his wife.

Like the sailor he holds up his hand,

Distrest on the dashing wave;

To die a dry death at land

Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.

And alas, poor Polly!

Alack and well-a-day!

Before I was in love

Oh! ev'ry month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is hardened, sure you Sir

will have more compassion on a daughter——I know the evidence is in your power——How then can you be a tyrant to me? [Kneeling.]

AIR LV. *Tanble the lovely, &c.*

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,
O think of your daughter and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons or bombs, or clashing of swords!
For death is more certain by witnesses words:
Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder allay,
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come Lucy——We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR LVI. *A cobbler there was, &c.*

Ourselves like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it must give up our gait;
And good reason why,
Or instead of the fry
Ev'n Peachum and I
Like poor petty rascals might hang, hang,
Like poor petty rascals might hang.

Pearb. Set your heart at rest Polly——your husband is to die to-day——therefore if you are not already provided 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you you slut.

Lock. We are ready Sir to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR LVII. *Bonny Dundee.*

Mac. The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)
I go undismay'd—for death is a debt,
A debt on demand—so take what I owe.
Then farewell my love—dear Charmers! adieu,
Contented I die—'t is the better for you.
Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
For this way at once I please all my wives.

Now gentlemen I am ready to attend you.

[Exeunt Peachum, Lockit, and Macheath.]

Polly. Follow them Filch to the court, and when the trial is over bring me a particular account of his behaviour and of every thing that happened——You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. *[Exit Filch.]* But why is all this naffick

Lucy. The prisoners whose trials are put off till next session are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there's nothing so charming as musick! I'm fond of it to distraction—But alas!—now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—Let us retire my dear Lucy! and indulge our sorrows—The noisy crew you see are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

A dance of prisoners in chains, &c.

SCENE, *The condemn'd hold.*

MACHEATH *in a melancholy posture.*

AIR LVIII. *Happy groves.*

O cruel, cruel, cruel, case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?

AIR LIX. *Of all the girls that are so smart.*

Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief
As this best friend a brimmer.

[Drinks.

AIR LX. *Britons strike home.*

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. [Rises.

AIR LXI. *Chevy chase.*

But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine: [Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. *To old Sir Simon the king.*

But valour the stronger grows
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? [Drinks.

AIR LXIII. *Joy to great Cesar.*

If thus—a man can die
Much bolder with brandy. [Pours out a bumper of brandy.

AIR LXIV. *There was an old woman, &c.*

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best. [Drinks.

AIR LXV. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor.*

But can I leave my pretty hussies
Without one tear or tender sigh?

AIR LXVI. *Why are mine eyes still flowing.*

Their eyes, their lips, their pusses,
Recall my love—Ah! must I die!

AIR LXVII. *Green sleeves.*

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to string
'T would thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

Sailor. Some friends of your's Captain desire to be admitted—I leave you together.

Enter BEN. BUDGE and MAT. of the Mint.

Mac. For my having broke prison you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution—The sheriff's officers I believe are now at the door.—That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surpris'd me—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore I beg you gentlemen look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry Captain for your misfortune—but 'tis what we must all come to.

Mac. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels: their lives are as much in your power as your's are in theirs—Remember your dying friend—'tis my last request—Bring those villains to the gallows before you and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do 't.

Sailor. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

Mac. Gentlemen adieu.

[*Exeunt Ben. Budge and Mat. of the Mint.*]

Enter Lucy and Polly.

Mac. My dear Lucy—my dear Polly—whatsoever hath past between us is now at an end—If you are

fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR LXVIII. *All you that must take a leap.*

Lucy. Wou'd I might be hang'd!

Polly. And I wou'd so too.

Lucy. To be hang'd with you,

Polly. My dear with you.

Mac. O leave me to thought! I fear! I shan't!

I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.

[Turns up the empty bottle.

Polly. No token of love?

Mac. See, my courage is out.

[Turns up the empty pot.

Lucy. No token of love?

Polly. Adieu!

Lucy. Farewell!

Mac. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

Chorus. Toll de rol lol, &c.

Jailor. Four women more, Captain, with a child apiece. See, here they come.

Enter Women and Children.

Mac. What! four wives more!—this is too much—Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. [Exeunt.

Enter BEGGAR and PLAYER.

Play. But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly Sir: to make the Piece perfect I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must suppose they were all either hanged or transported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection is very just, and is easily removed; for you must allow that in this kind of drama 't is no matter how absurdly things are brought about: so you rabble there—run and cry A reprieve—Let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do to comply with the taste of the Town.

Dej. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the Play remained as I at first intended it would have carried a most excellent moral; 't would have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich, and that they are punished for them.

Enter to them MACHEATH, with rattle, &c.

Mac. So it seems I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last—Look ye, my dears! we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance a dance.

Mac. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time I take Polly for mine—and for life, you slut, for we were really married—As for the rest—But at present keep your own secret.

[*To Polly.*

[*A Dance.*]

AIR LXIX. *Lumps of pudding, &c.*

Thus I stand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all sides their glances his passion confound,
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns;
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Tho' willing to all with but one he retires.
Then think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. Then think of this maxim, &c.

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J. Robt. del.

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M. MATTOCKS

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OVID. METAM. lib. 13.

que recurrit.

HOR.



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P R O L O G U E.

I Wonder not our author doubts success,
 One in his circumstance can do no less.
 The dancer on the rope that tries at all,
 In each unpractis'd caper risques a fall:
 I own I dread his ticklish situation,
 Critics detest poetic innovation.
 Had *It'rus* been content with solid ground,
 The giddy, vent'rous youth had ne'er been drown'd.
 The *Pygmalion* of old had fire and force,
 But your true modern is a carrier's horse,
 Drawn by the foremost bell, afraid to stray,
 Bard following bard, jogs on the beaten way,
 Why is this man so obstinate an elf?
 Will he, alone, not imitate himself?
 His scene now shows the heroes of old Greece;
 But how? 'Tis monstrous! in a comic piece.
 To buskins, plumes and helmets what pretence,
 If mighty chiefs must speak but common sense?
 Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,
 Foam at our mouths, and thunder on the stage?
 No—'tis *Achilles*, as he came from *Chiron*,
 Just taught to sing, as well as wield cold iron;
 And whatsoever critics may suppose,
 Our author holds, that what he spoke was prose.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Lycomedes,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Dipbilus,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
<i>Achilles,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Ulysses,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Mattocks.
<i>Diomedes,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Owenfon.
<i>Ajax,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Fox.
<i>Periphas,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Duntall.
<i>Agyries,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Reinhold.
				Mr. Baker.

W O M E N.

<i>Thetis,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Catley.
<i>Theaspe,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Deidamia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Pouffin.
<i>Lesbia,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Valois.
<i>Philoe,</i>	-	-	-	Miss Brown.
<i>Artemona,</i>	-	-	-	

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, SCYROS.

ACHILLES.

A C H I L L E S.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italics are the additions of the Theatre.

A C T I.

' SCENE, *the Palace.*

' *Enter Thetis and Achilles.*

' THETIS.

' **B**EFORE I leave you, child, I must insist upon your
' promise, that you will never discover yourself
' without my leave. Don't look upon it as capricious
' fondness, nor think (because 'tis a mother's advice)
' that, in duty to yourself, you are obliged not to fol-
' low it.

' *Ach.* But my character, my honour—Would you
' have your son live with infamy?—On the first step
' of a young fellow, depends his character for life. I
' beg you, goddess, to dispense with your commands.

' *Thet.* Have you, then, no regard to my present-
' ment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I
' know that odious siege of Troy would be the death
' of thee.

' *Ach.* Because you have the natural fears of a mother,
' would you have me insensible that I have the heart of
' a man? The world, Madam, must look upon my ab-
' scending in this manner, and at this particular junc-
' ture, as infamous cowardice.

' AIR I. *A clown in Flanders once there was.*

' What's life? No curse is more severe,

' Than bearing life with shame.

' Is this your fondness, this your care?

' Oh, give me death with fame!

Thet. Keep your temper, Achilles, 'Tis both impious and undutiful to call my prescience in question.

Ach. Pardon me, goddess; for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I should have taken the liberty of other sons, and should (as 'tis my duty) have heard your advice, and followed my own.

Thet. I positively shall not be easy, child, unless you give me your word and honour—You know my commands.

Ach. My word, Madam, I can give you; but my honour is already sacrificed to my duty. That I gave you, when I submitted to put on this woman's habit.

Thet. Believe me, Achilles, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life. By preventing your running headlong to your destiny, I preserve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more insist upon your solemn promise.

Ach. Was I a woman, (as I appear to be) I could, without difficulty, give you a promise, to have the pleasure of breaking it; but when I promise, my life is pledged for the performance. Your commands, Madam, are sacred. Yet I intreat you, goddess, to consider the ignominious part you make me act. In obeying you, I prove myself unworthy of you.

Thet. My will, Achilles, is not to be controverted. Your life depends upon your duty; and, positively, child, you shall not go to this siege.

‘ A I R II. *Gudgeon's Song.*

‘ Why am I thus held at defiance ?

‘ A mother, a goddess obey.

‘ Will men never practise compliance,

‘ Till marriage hath taught them the way ?

Ach. But why must I lead the life of a woman ? Why was I stolen away from my preceptor ? Was I not as safe under the care of Chiron ? I know the love he had for me ; I feel his concern ; and I dare swear that good creature is now so distressed for the loss of me, that he will quite founder himself with galloping from place to place to look after me.

Thet. I'll hear no more. Obey, and seek to know no further. Can you imagine that I would have taken all this trouble to have lodged you under the protection of Lycomedes, if I had not seen the absolute necessity of it?

Ach. Were I allowed to follow my inclinations, what would you have to fear? I should do my duty, and die with honour. Was I to live an age, I could do no more.

Thet. You are so very obstinate, that, really, child, there's no enduring you. Your impatience seems to forget that I am a goddess. Have I not degraded myself into the character of a distressed Grecian princess? 'Tis owing to my artifice and insinuation that we have the protection of the king of Scyros. Have I not won Lycomedes's friendship and hospitality to that degree, as to place you, without the least suspicion, among his daughters? And for what, dear Achilles? Your safety and future fame required it.

Ach. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to bear it much longer! my words, my actions, my awkward behaviour, must one day inevitably discover me—I had been safer under the tuition of Chiron.

Thet. Hath not the prophet Calchas persuaded the confederates, that the success of their expedition against Troy, depends upon your being among them? Have they not emissaries and spies almost every where in search of you? 'Tis here, only, and in this disguise, that I can believe you out of the reach of suspicion—You have so much youth, and such a bloom, that there is no man alive but must take you for a woman. What I am most afraid of, is, that when you are among the ladies, you should be so little master of your passions, as to find yourself a man.

AIR III. *Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor?*

Ach. The woman always in temptation,
Must do what Nature bids her do:
Our hearts feel equal palpitacion;
For we've unguarded minutes too.

By

' By nature greedy,
 ' When lank and needy,
 ' Within your fold the wolf confine;
 ' Then bid the glutton
 ' Not think of mutton;
 ' Can you persuade him not to dine?

' *Thet.* Now, dear child, let me beg you to be discreet. I have some sea affairs that require my attendance, which (much against my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

' *Enter Artemona.*

' *Art.* The princesses, Lady Pyrrha, have been sitting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miserable for want of you.

' *Thet.* Pyrrha is so very unhandy, and so monstrously awkward at her needle, that I know she must be diverting. Her passion for romances (as you must have observed in other girls) took her off from every part of useful education.

' *Ach.* For the many obligations I have to the princesses, I should, no doubt, upon all occasions, shew myself ready to be the butt of their ridicule; 'tis a duty that all great people expect from what they call their dependants.

' *Art.* How can you, Lady Pyrrha, misinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendship, an esteem for you; and have a pleasure in instructing you.

' *Thet.* For Heaven's sake, Pyrrha, let not your capacious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be sensible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me. How can you be so horribly out of humour?

' *Ach.* All I mean, Madam, is, that when people are sensible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

' *Thet.* You are so very touchy, Pyrrha, that there is no enduring you? How can you be so unsociable a creature, as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiscretions? For what, do you think, women keep company with one another?

' *Ach.* Because they hate one another, despise one another,

A C H I L L E S.

another, and seek to have the pleasure of seeing and exposing one another's faults and follies.

Thet. Now, dear Pyrrha, tell me, is work a thing you pique yourself upon? Suppose too, they should smile at an absurdity in your dress, it could not be such a mortification, as if, like most women, you had made it the chief business of your life.

Art. Don't they treat one another with equal familiarity?

Ach. But a reply from me (whatever was the provocation) might be looked upon as impertinent. I hate to be under the restraint of civility when I am ill used.

Art. Will you allow me, Madam, to make your excuses to the princesses?—The occasion of your highness's leaving her, I see, troubles her—Perhaps I may interrupt conversation.

Thet. 'Tis astonishing, child, how you can have so little complaisance. This sullen behaviour of yours must be disagreeable. I hope, Madam, she is not always in this way?

Art. Never was any creature more entertaining! Such spirits, and so much vivacity! The princesses are really fond of her to distraction. The most chearful tempers are liable to the spleen; and 'tis an indulgence that one woman owes to another.

Ach. The spleen, Madam, is a female frailty that I have no pretensions to, nor any of its affections.

AIR IV. *Si vous vous moquez de nous.*

When a woman sullen fits,

And wants breath to conquer reason,

Always these affected fits

Are in season.

Since 'tis in her disposition,

Make her be her own physician.

Nay, dear Madam, you shall not go without me—

Though I have my particular reasons to be out of humour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

Art. I know they would take it mortally ill, if they thought your complaisance had put yourself under the least restraint.

Ach.

' *Ach.* I can't forgive myself for my behaviour. You must excuse me, Madam; for absence in conversation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

' *Art.* You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of its most infallible symptoms.

' *Thet.* I charge you, upon my blessing; as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me. [*To Achilles.*

' [*Thetis kisses him. Exeunt Achilles and Artemona.*

' As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the least apprehension; all my concern is from the impetuosity of his temper. Yet, after all, why should I fear a discovery? For women have the same passions, though they employ them upon different objects.

' A I R V. *Aminnet.*

' Man's so touchy, a word that's injurious

' Wakes his honour; he's sudden as fire.

' Woman kindles, and is no less furious

' For her trifles, or any desire.

' Man is testy,

' Or sour, or resty,

' If balk'd of honours, or pow'r, or pelf.

' Woman's passions can no less molest ye,

' And all for reasons she keeps to herself.

' He is sudden, he is impatient. What then? Are women less so? Ask almost all servants what they know of their mistresses. He is wilful, testy, and untractable: can't thousands of husbands say as much of their wives? Then, as for his obstinacy, that can never shew him less a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I could wish him: he is too vehement, too severe in his expressions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another's faces; but they make ample amends for it behind each other's backs: so that, with all these infirmities of man, he may, with the least conduct, very well pass for a fine-spirited woman. This reflection hath cured my anxiety, and will make me believe him secure.

' *Enter Lycomedes.*

' *Thet.* 'Tis with the utmost gratitude that I return
' your

‘ your majesty thanks for the honours and hospitable favours shewn to me and my daughter.

‘ *Lycom.* You would oblige me more, Madam, if your affairs would allow you to accept them longer.

‘ *Thet.* I have presumed, Sir, to trespass further on your generosity, in leaving my daughter under your protection. I hope Pyrrha’s behaviour will deserve it.

‘ AIR VI. *To you, my dear, and to no other.*

‘ Must, then, alas ! the fondest mother

‘ Desert her child ?

Lycom. - - - - - Ah, why this tear ?

‘ She’ll in Theaspe find another ;

‘ In me, paternal love and care.

‘ Had you taken her with you, my daughters would have been miserable beyond expression : theirs and her education shall be the same.

‘ *Thet.* I beg you, Sir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes ; for neither time nor interest can ever cancel it.

‘ *Lycom.* Affairs of consequence may require your presence. Importunity, upon these occasions, is troublesome and unhospitable. I ask no questions, Madam, because I choose not to pry into secrets.

‘ *Thet.* I can only thank, and rely upon your majesty’s goodness—My duty to the queen, Sir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands. [Exit.

* *Enter Diphilus.*

Lyc. The princess Calista hath taken her leave ; she is but just gone out of the room.

Diph. The daughter, Sir, was a most delicious piece.

Lycom. With all her little vixen humours, to my taste she is infinitely agreeable.

Diph. Your parting with her, Sir, in this easy manner, is astonishing—One, too, so excessively fond of you—

Lycom. Parting with her, Diphilus !

* In the representation, the first Act begins here.

‘ *Diph.* But no prince alive hath so great a command
of his passions.

‘ *Lycom.* Dear Diphilus, let me understand you.

‘ *Diph.* To my knowledge, you might have had her.

‘ *Lycom.* Can I believe thee?

‘ *Diph.* I really thought the queen began to be a little
uneasy; and, for the quiet of the family, (since she is
gone) I must own I am heartily glad of it.

‘ AIR VII. *John went salting unto Joan.*

‘ How your patience had been try’d,

‘ Had his haughty dame comply’d!

‘ What’s a mistress and a wife?

‘ Joy for moments, plague for life.’

Lycom. I am not so unhappy, Diphilus—Her mother
hath left her to my care

Diph. Just as I wished.

‘ *Lycom.* Would she had taken her with her?

‘ *Diph.* It might have been better; for, beyond dis-
pute, Sir, both you and the queen would have been
easier.

‘ *Lycom.* Why did she trust her to me?

‘ *Diph.* There could be but one reason.

‘ *Lycom.* I cannot answer for myself.

‘ *Diph.* ’Twas upon that very presumption you was
trusted.

‘ *Lycom.* Would I could believe thee.’

Diph. ’Tis an apparent manifest scheme, Sir; and you
would disappoint both mother and daughter, if your ma-
jesty did not betray your trust. ‘ You love her, Sir,
you say.

‘ *Lycom.* To distraction, Diphilus.

‘ *Diph.* And was the betraying a trust ever, as yet, an
obstacle to that passion? What would you have a mother
do more upon such an occasion? Ladies of her rank
cannot transact an affair of this kind, but with some
decorum.’

Lycom. But you can never suppose Pyrrha knows any
thing of the matter.

Diph. Why not, Sir?

‘ *Lycom.*

Lycom. From me she cannot: for I have never, as yet, made any downright professions.

Diph. There lies the true cause of her thoughtfulness; 'tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her scheme should not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath instructed her not to be too forward, to make you more so.—Believe me, Sir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but those little ones that every woman knows how to practise to quicken a lover.

Lycom. Be it as it will, Diphilus, I must have her.

Diph. Had I been acquainted with your pleasure sooner, your majesty by this time had been tired of her.—How happy shall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majesty's commands to hint your passion to her.

Lycom. Never did eyes receive a passion with such coldness, such indifference!

AIR VIII. *Groom's Complaint.*

*Dissembling words, too cruel maid,
Or love or hate may feign,
By looks the passions are betray'd,
For eyes the heart explain.
Whene'er my soul hath breath'd desire,
I sigh'd, I gaz'd in vain;
No glance confess'd her secret fire;
And eyes the heart explain.*

Diph. Though 'tis what she wishes, what she longs for, what she sighs for, respect and awe are a restraint upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have often told you, Sir, she dares not understand you; she dares not believe herself so happy.

Lycom. Take this ring, Diphilus.—I must leave the rest to your discretion.

Diph. There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or so—but the present will speak for itself; 'tis the most successful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

Lycom. Say every thing for me, Diphilus; for I feel I cannot speak for myself.

B

Diph.

Dipb. Could I be as successful in all my other negotiations ! Yet there may be difficulties, for, if I mistake not, the lady hath something of the coquette about her ; and what self-denial will not those creatures suffer to give a lover anxiety ?

AIR IX. *O'er Bogie.*

Observe the wanton kitten's play,
 Whene'er a mouse appears ;
 You there the true coquette survey
 In all her flirting airs :
 Now pawing,
 Now clawing,
 Now in fond embrace,
 Till 'midst her freaks,
 He from her breaks,
 Steals off, and bilks the chase.

Lycom. Dear Diphilus, what do you mean ? I never saw a woman so little of that character.

Dipb. Pardon me, Sir ; your situation is such, that you can never see what mankind really are. In your presence every one is acting a part ; no one is himself, and was it not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful servants, how little would your subjects be known to you ! Though she is so prim and reserved before you, she is never at a loss for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

Lycom. Beauty must always have its followers.

Dipb. If I mistake not, general Ajax too (who is sent to solicit your quota for the Trojan war) hath another solicitation more at heart.——But suppose she had ten thousand lovers ; a woman's prevalent passion is ambition, which must answer your ends.—The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me.—I go, Sir, to make Pyrrha the happiest creature upon earth. [Exit.]

Enter Theaspe.

Theas. I think the princess Calista might as well have taken her daughter with her.——That girl is so intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine such conversation can possibly

possibly be of any great advantage to your daughters education.

Lycom. You seem of late to have taken an aversion to the girl. She hath spirit and vivacity, 'but not more
' than is becoming the sex; and' yet I never saw any
thing in her behaviour but what was extremely modest.

Theaf. For heaven's sake, Sir, allow me to believe my own eyes. 'Her forwardness must give the fellows some
' encouragement, or there would not be that intolerable
' flutter about her.—But, perhaps, she hath some
' reasons to be more upon her guard before you.'

Lycom. How can you be so unreasonably censorious?

Theaf. I can see her faults, Sir. I see her as a woman
sees a woman. The men, it seems, think the awkward
creature handsome.

' AIR X. *Dutch Skipper. First part.*

Lycom. ' When a woman's censorious,
' And attacks the meritorious;
' In the scandal she shews her own malicious thought;
' If real guilt she blames,
' Then pride her heart inflames,
' And she fancies she's better's for another's fault;
' Thus seeking to disclose,
' The slips of friends and foes,
' By her envy she does herself alone expose.'

Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peevish way
can be nothing but downright antipathy.

Theaf. Nay, dear Sir, your defending her in this
feeling manner, can be nothing but downright partiality.

' *Lycom.* I own myself partial to distress, and I see
her in that circumstance.

' *Theaf.* But there are other reasons that may make a
man partial.

' AIR XI. *Dutch Skipper. Second part.*

' As you, Sir, are my husband, no doubt you're prone
' To turn each new face
' To a wife's disgrace;
' And for no other cause but that she's your own;

- ' Nay, Sir, 'tis an evident case.
 ' 'Tis strange that all husbands should prove so blind,
 ' That a wife's real merits they ne'er can find,
 ' Tho' they strike all the rest of mankind.

' *Lycom.* How can you be so ridiculous? By these
 ' airs, Madam, you would have me believe you are
 ' jealous.

' *Thef.* Whence had you this contemptible opinion of
 ' me? Jealous! If I was so, I have a spirit above own-
 ' ing it. I would never heighten your pleasure by let-
 ' ting you have the satisfaction of knowing I was un-
 ' easy.

' *Lycom.* Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your
 ' temper.

' *Theaf.* Since I have been so unguarded as to own
 ' it; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that was I of a
 ' lower rank, it would keep you in some awe, because
 ' you would then know I could take my revenge.

' *Lycom.* You forget your duty, child.

' *Theaf.* There is a duty too due from a husband.

Lycom. How can you give way to these passions?

Theaf. Because you give way to yours.

Lycom. But to be so unreasonably jealous!

Theaf. Unreasonably! Would it were so!

' AIR XII. *Black Joke*

- ' *Lycom.* Then must I bear eternal strife,
 ' Both night and day put in mind of a wife,
 ' By her pouts, spleen, and passionate airs!
 ' *Theaf.* D'ye think I'll bear eternal flight,
 ' And not complain when I'm robb'd of my right?
 ' Call you this, Sir, but whimsical fears?
 ' *Lycom.* Can nought then still this raging storm?
 ' *Theaf.* Yes. What you promis'd if you wou'd perform.
 ' *Lycom.* Pr'ythee tease me no more.
 ' *Theaf.* I can never give o'er,
 ' Till I find you as fond and as kind as before.
 ' *Lycom.* Will you ne'er ask
 ' A possible task?

' Would

‘ Would you have me so unhoſpitable as to deny her my
‘ protection?’

Theaf. ‘Tis not, Sir, that I preſume to controul you
in your pleaſures.—Yet you might, methinks, have
ſlewed that tenderneſs for me to have acted with a little
more reſerve. ‘ Women are not ſo blind as husbands
‘ imagine.—Were there no other circumſtances, your
‘ coolneſs to me, your indifference.—How I deſpiſe my-
‘ ſelf for this confeſſion! — Pardon me, Sir, love made
‘ me thus indiſcreet.

‘ AIR XIII. *To Shepherds and Nymphs.*

‘ *Theaſpe weeping.*

‘ Oh, love, plead my pardon, nor plead it in vain;
‘ ’Twas you that was jealous, ’twas you was in pain;
‘ Yet why ſhould you ſpeak? To what purpoſe or end?
‘ I muſt be unhappy if love can offend.

‘ Yet was ever a deſign of this kind ſo manifeſt, ſo
‘ bare-faced!

‘ AIR XIV. *The Goddeſſes.*

‘ *Theaſpe angry.*

‘ To what a pitch is man profuſe,
‘ And all for oſtentatious pride!
‘ Ev’n naiſſes are not kept for uſe,
‘ But for mere ſhow, and nought beſide.
‘ For might a wiſe ſpeak out,
‘ She cou’d prove, beyond all doubt,
‘ With more than enough he was ſupply’d.’

The princeſs Caliſta hath ſhewn an uncommon confidence
in your majeſty. The woman, no doubt, depends upon
it, that her daughter’s charms are not to be reſiſted.

Lycor. Nay, dear child, don’t be ſcandalous.

‘ AIR XV. *Joan’s Placket.*

‘ Reputations hack’d and hew’d,
‘ Can never be mended again;
‘ Yet nothing ſtints the tattling prude,
‘ Who joys in another’s pain.

' Thus while she rends
 ' Both foes and friends,
 ' By both she's torn in twain.
 ' Reputations hack'd and hew'd,
 ' Can never be mended again.

' *Theaf.* You are in so particular a manner obliged to
 ' her, that I am not surpris'd at your taking her part.

' *Lycom.* But, dear Madam, why at present is all this
 ' violent fluster?

' *Theaf.* Ask your own heart, ask your own conduct,
 ' Those can best inform you.—'Twould have been
 ' more obliging, if Pyrrha and you had kept me out of
 ' this impudent secret.—You know, Sir, I have rea-
 ' son.

' *Lycom.* If one woman's virtue depended upon ano-
 ' ther's suspicions, where should we find a woman of
 ' common modesty? Indeed, child, I think you in-
 ' jure her; I believe her virtuous.

' *Theaf.* When a man hath ruined a woman, he thinks
 ' himself oblig'd in honour to stand up for her reputa-
 ' tion.

' *Lycom.* If you will believe only your own unac-
 ' countable suspicions, and are determin'd not to hear
 ' reason, I must leave you to your perverse humours.
 —What would you have me say? What would you
 ' have me do?

' *Theaf.* Shew your hospitality (as you call it) to me,
 ' and put that creature out of the palace.

' *Lycom.* I have a greater regard to yours and my own
 ' quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant pas-
 ' sions of a jealous woman.

' *Theaf.* You have taken then your resolutions, I find;
 ' and I am sentenced to neglect.—Did ever a woman
 ' marry but with the probability of having at least one
 ' man in her power?—What a wretched wife am I!

[Weeps.]

' *Lycom.* Jealousy from a wife, even to a man of
 quality, is now looked upon as ill-manners, though the
 affair be never so public.—But without a cause!—
 I beg you, Madam, to say no more upon this subject.

Theaf. Though you, Sir, may think her fit company
 for

for you; methinks the very same reasons might tell you that she is not so very reputable a companion for your daughters.

Lycom. Since a passionate woman will only believe herself, I must leave you, Madam, to enjoy your obstinacy. I know but that way of putting an end to the dispute.

AIR XVI. *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

Though woman's glib tongue, when her passions are fir'd,
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd.

Since woman will have both her word and her way,
I yield to your tongue; but my reason obey.

I obey,

Nothing say,

Since woman will have both her word and her way. [*Ex.*]

Theaf. Would I had been more upon the reserve! But husbands are horridly provoking; they know the frailty of the sex, and never fail to take the advantage of our passions to make us expose ourselves by contradiction.—
Artemona.

Enter Artemona.

Art. Madam.

Theaf. Is that creature, that (what do you call her?) that princess, gone?

Art. Yes, Madam.

Theaf. Why did not she take that awkward thing, her daughter, with her?

Art. The advantages she might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

Theaf. Might that be an inducement?

Art. 'Besides,' in her present circumstance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her.

Theaf. Can't you find out any other reason for leaving her?

Art. Your courtesy, Madam; your hospitality.

Theaf. No other reason!

Art. No other reason?—

Theaf. Would I could believe there was no other!

Art. 'Tis not for me to pry into your majesty's secrets.

Theaf. I hate a girl that is so intolerably forward.

Art.

Art. I never observed any thing but those little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themselves.—Perhaps those particular distinctions the princesses shew her, may have made her too familiar.—I am not, Madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

Theaf. A look so very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that spirit.—But there are, Artemona, some particular distinctions from a certain person, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might indeed make her too familiar.

Art. Heaven forbid!

Theaf. How precarious is the happiness of a wife, when it is in the power of every new face to destroy it!—Now, dear Artemona, tell me sincerely, don't you, from what you yourself have observed, think I have reason to be uneasy?

Art. That I have observed!

Theaf. Dear Artemona, don't frighten thyself.—I am not accusing you, but talking to you as a friend.

AIR XVII. Fairy Elves.

Art. Oh, guard your hours from care,
Of jealousy beware;
For she with fancy'd sprites,
Herself torments and frights.
Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,
Raising fears that she believes.

Theaf. I hate myself too for having so much condescension and humility as to be jealous. 'Tis flattering the man that uses one ill; and 'tis wanting the natural pride that belongs to the sex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible figure is a jealous woman! How have I exposed myself!

Art. Your majesty is safe in the confidence reposed in me.

Theaf. That is not the case, Artemona. Lycomedes knows I am unhappy. I have owned it, and was so unguarded as to accuse him.

Art.

Art. Upon mere suspicion only?

* *Theaf.* Beyond dispute he loves her. I know it, Artemona; and can one imagine that girl hath virtue enough to withstand such a proposal?

* AIR XVIII. *Moll-Peatly.*

* All hearts are a little frail,
 * When temptation is rightly apply'd.
 * What can shame or fear avail
 * When we sooth both ambition and pride?
 * All women have power in view:
 * Then there's pleasure to tempt her too.
 * Such a sure attack there's no defying,
 * No denying;
 * Since complying
 * Gives her another's due.

* —I can't indeed (if you mean that) positively affirm,
 * that he hath yet had her.

* *Art.* Then it may be still only suspicion.*

Theaf. I have trusted too my daughter Deidamia with my weakness; that she, by her intimacies and friendship with Pyrrha, may get into her secrets. In short, I have placed her as my spy about her. — 'That girl (out of good-nature, and to prevent family-disputes) may deceive me.' She insists upon it, that I have nothing to fear from Pyrrha; and is so positive in this opinion, that she offers to be answerable for her conduct.

Art. Why then, Madam, will you still believe your own jealousies?

Theaf. All I say is, that Deidamia may deceive me; for whatever is in the affair, 'tis impossible but she must know it; I have it ordered it so, that she is scarce ever from her; they have one and the same bed-chamber; yet 'such is my distemper, that' I suspect every body, and can only believe my own imaginations. — 'There must be some reason that Deidamia hath not been with me this morning. — I am impatient to see her.'

* In the performance, the nineteenth Air is sung here, and this speech and song of *Theaf* are transposed to this mark .

AIR XIX. *John Anderson my Jo.*

- ' *Art.* Let jealousy no longer
 ' A fruitless search pursue;
 ' You make his flame the stronger,
 ' And wake resentment too.
 ' This self-tormenting care give o'er;
 ' For all you can obtain
 ' Is, what was only doubt before,
 ' To change for real pain.
 ' **END of the FIRST ACT.**
-

' A C T · II.

' *Enter Diphilus and Achilles.*

' **ACHILLES.**

' **I** Am very sensible, my Lord, of the particular honours that are shewn me.

' *Dipb.* Honours, Madam! Lycomedes is still more particular. How happy must that woman be whom he respects.

' *Ach.* What do you mean, my Lord?

' *Dipb.* Let this speak both for him and me: the present is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

' *Ach.* I have too many obligations already.

' *Dipb.* 'Tis in your power, Madam, to return 'em all.

' *Ach.* Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honest, tell him this ring had been a more honourable present to Theaspe.

' AIR XX. *Abroad as I was walking.*

' [*Offering the ring a second time.*]

' *Dipb.* Such homage to her beauty,

' What coyness can reject?

' Accept, as 'tis your duty,

' The tribute with respect.

' What

- ' What more can beauty gain thee?
 ' With love I offer power,
 ' What shame can ever stain thee,
 ' Restrain thee,
 ' Or pain thee,
 ' When blest with such a dower?

' *Diph.* 'Tis but an earnest, Madam, of future favours.—When Lycomede's power is yours, I intreat your highness not to forget your servant.

' *Acb.* I shall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

' *Diph.* I beg you, Madam, to consider your present situation.—This uncommon distinction requires a sorer answer.

' *Acb.* I shall give no other, my Lord.—I dare say, Diphilus, you think yourself highly honoured by your present negotiation.—Is there no office too mean for ambition?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my Lord, would call you a pimp, a pandar, a bawd, for this very honourable proposal of yours.

' *Diph.* What an unmerciful weapon is a woman's tongue!—I beg your highness to confine yourself within the bounds of common civility, and to consider who I am.

' *Acb.* I do consider it, Diphilus, and that makes thee a thousand times the more contemptible.

' AIR XXI. *Buttered Pease.*

- ' Shou'd the beast of the noblest race
 ' Act the brute of the lowest class;
 ' Tell me, which do you think more base,
 ' Or the lion or the ass?
 ' Boast not then of thy rank or state;
 ' That but shews thee the meaner slave,
 ' Take thy due then of scorn and hate,
 ' As thou'rt but the greater knave.

' *Diph.* Though the sex have the privilege of unlimited expression, and that a woman's words are not to
 ' be

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‘ be resent’d; yet a lady, Madam, may be ill-bred.
 ‘ Ladies too are generally passionate enough without a
 ‘ provocation, so that a reply at present would be un-
 ‘ necessary.

‘ *Ach.* Are such the friends of power?—How unhappy
 ‘ are princes to have their passions so very readily put in
 ‘ execution, that they seldom know the benefit of re-
 ‘ flection! Go, and for once make your report faithfully
 ‘ and without flattery. [Exit.]

‘ *Diph.* The girl is so excessively ill-bred, and such
 ‘ an arrant termagant, that I cou’d as soon fall in love
 ‘ with a tigress. She hath a handsome face, ’tis true,
 ‘ but in her temper she is a very fury.—But Lycomedes
 ‘ likes her; and ’tis not for me to dispute either his
 ‘ taste or pleasure.---Notwithstanding she is such a spit-
 ‘ fire, ’tis my opinion the thing may still do: things of
 ‘ this nature should be always transacted in person, for
 ‘ there are women so ridiculously half-modest, that they
 ‘ are ashamed in words to consent to what, (when a man
 ‘ comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to
 ‘ comply with.’

Enter Lycomedes.

Lycom. Well, Diphilus, in what manner did she re-
 ceive my present?

Diph. ’Tis my opinion, Sir, that she will accept it
 only from your hands. From me she absolutely refuses
 it.

‘ AIR XXII. *Come open the Door, sweet Betty.*

‘ *Lycom.* What, must I remain in anguish?

‘ And did not her eyes consent?

‘ No sigh, not a blush, nor languish

‘ That promis’d a kind event!

‘ It must be all affectation,

‘ The tongue hath her heart bely’d;

‘ That oft hath withstood temptation,

‘ When ev’ry thing else comply’d.

‘ *Lycom.* How did she receive you? Did you watch
 ‘ her eyes? What was her behaviour when you first told
 ‘ her I loved her?

‘ *Diph.* She seem’d to be desperately disappointed,
 ‘ that you had not told her so yourself.’

Lycom. But when you pressed it to her——

Diph. She had all the resentment and fury of the most complying prude.

Lycom. But did not she soften upon consideration?

Diph. She seemed to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delayed your majesty's application.

Lycom. What no favourable circumstance!

Diph. Nay, I was not in the least surpris'd at her behaviour. Love at second-hand to a lady of her warm constitution! It was a disappointment, Sir; and she could not but treat it accordingly.—'Whatever was my opinion, 'twas my duty, Sir, to obey you, but I found just the reception I expected. Apply to her yourself, Sir; answer her wishes, and (if I know any thing of woman) she will then answer yours, and behave herself as she ought.

Lycom. But, dear Diphilus, I grow more and more impatient.

Diph. That too by this time is her case.—To save the appearances of virtue, the most easy woman expects a little gentle compulsion, and to be allowed the decency of a little feeble resistance. For the quiet of her own conscience a woman may insist upon acting the part of modesty, and you must comply with her scruples.—You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleasure.'

Lycom. Pyrrha!—This is beyond my hopes.—'Diphilus, lay your hand upon my breast. Feel how my heart flutters.

Diph. Did Pyrrha feel these assurances of love she would not appear so thoughtful.

Lycom. Deidamia too not with her!

Diph. She is with the queen, Sir.

Lycom. My other daughters, who seem less fond of her, are in the garden; so all's safe.—Leave me, Diphilus, and let none, upon pain of my displeasure, presume to intrude.

[Exit Diph.

Enter Achilles.

Lycom. Lady Pyrrha, my dear child, why so thoughtful?

Act. Thoughts may not be so respectful; they may
C be

' be too familiar, too friendly, too true : and who about
' you presumes to communicate 'em ? Words and forms
' only are for your ear, Sir.

' *Lycom.* You know, Pyrrha, you was never received
' upon the foot of ceremony, but friendship ; so that' it
would be more respectful if you was less shy and less reserved — 'Tis your behaviour, Pyrrha, that keeps me at a distance.

Ach. If I was warring, Sir, either in duty to you or myself, my own heart would be the first to reproach me.
' — Your majesty's generosity is too solicitous upon
' my account ; and your courtesy and affability may even
' now detain you from affairs of importance. — If you
have no commands, Sir, the princesses expect me in the garden.

Lycom. Nay, positively, my dear Pyrrha, you shall not go.

' *Ach.* But why, Sir ? — For heaven's sake, what
' hath set you a trembling ? — I fear, Sir, you are out of
' order. — Who waits there ?

' *Lycom.* I did not call, Pyrrha.

' *Ach.* Let me then, Sir, know your commands. —

' AIR XXIII. *Altro giorno in compagnia.*

' *Lycom.* If my passion want explaining,

' This way turn and read my eyes ;

' These will tell thee, without feigning,

' What in words I must disguise.

' *Ach.* Why do you fix your eyes so intensely upon
' me ? — Speak your pleasure, speak to me then. —
' Why am I seized ? — Spare me, Sir, for I have a
' temper that can't bear provocation.

' *Lycom.* I know there are a thousand necessary affec-
' tations of modesty, which women, in decency to them-
' selves, practise with common lovers before compliance.
' — But my passion, Pyrrha, deserves some distinc-
' tion.'

Ach. I beg you then, Sir, don't lay violent hands upon me.

Lycom. The present you refused from Diphilus accept from me.

- ' *Ach.* Why will you persist?—Nay, dear Sir, I can't answer for my passions.
 ' *Lycom.* 'Tis not Diphilus, but I give it you.'
Ach. That Diphilus, Sir, is your enemy.
 ' *Lycom.* 'Tis I that offer it.
 ' *Ach.* Your very worst enemy, your flatterer.
 ' *Lycom.* You should strive, child, to conquer these extravagant passions.
 ' *Ach.* How I despise that fellow! that pimp, that pandar!

AIR XXIV. *Trip to the Laundry.*

How unhappy are the great,
 Thus begirt with servile slaves!
 Such with praise your reason cheat.
 Flatt'ers are the meanest knaves.
 They, in friendship's guise, accost you;
 False in all they say or do.
 When these wretches have ingross'd you,
 Who's the slave, Sir, they or you?

- ' *Lycom.* Is this reproachful language, Pyrrha, befitting my presence?
 ' *Ach.* Nay, dear Sir, don't worry me. By Jove, you'll provoke me.
Lycom. Your affectation, Pyrrha, is intolerable.
 ' There's enough of it.—Those looks of aversion are insupportable.—I will have no struggling.
Ach. Then, Sir, I must have no violence.

' AIR XXV. *As I walked along Fleet-Street.*

- ' *Lycom.* When the fort on no condition
 ' Will admit the gen'rous foe,
 ' Parley but delays submission;
 ' We by storm shou'd lay it low.'
 ' I am in earnest, lady.—I will have no trifling, no coquetting; ' you may spare those little arts of women, for my passion is warm and vehement enough without 'em.—Do you know, Pyrrha, that obedience is your duty?

Ach. I know my duty, Sir; and, had it not been for that sycophant, Diphilus, perhaps you had known yours.

Lycom. 'I am not, lady, to be awed and frightened by stern looks and frowns.'——Since your obstinate behaviour then makes violence necessary——

Ach. You make self-preservation, Sir, as necessary.

Lycom. I won't be refused.

AIR XXVI. *The Lady's New-Year's Gift.*

Lycom. Why such affectation?

Ach. Why this provocation?

Lycom. Must I bear resistance still!

Ach. Check your inclination.

Lycom. Dare you then deny me?

Ach. You too far may try me.

Lycom. Must I then against your will!

Ach. Force shall never ply me.

Lycom. Never was such a termagant!

Ach. By Jove, never was such an insult!

Lycom. Will you?——Dare you?——Never was such strength!——

[*Achilles pushes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.*]

Ach. Desist then.

Lycom. Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

AIR XXVII. *Puppet Show Trumpet Tune.*

[*Achilles holding Lycomedes down.*]

Ach. What heart hath not courage, by force assail'd,

To brave the most desperate fight?

'Tis justice and virtue that hath prevail'd;

Power must yield to right.

Lycom. Am I so ignominiously to be got the better of!

Ach. You are.

Lycom. By a woman!

Ach. You now, Sir, find you had acted a greater part,

' part, if (in spite of your flatterers) you had got the better of your own passions.'

Enter Diphilus and Courtiers.

1 *Court.* An attempt upon the king's life!—The guards! where are the guards?

' 2 *Court.* Such an open, bare-faced assassination!

[They seize Achilles, and raise Lycomedes.]

' 3 *Court.* And by a woman too!

' 1 *Court.* Where are your wounds, Sir?

' 2 *Court.* Take the dagger from her, that she do no farther mischief.

' 3 *Court.* The dagger! Where? What dagger?

' 1 *Court.* You will find it some where or other concealed; examine her, search her.'

Ach. Save your zeal, Sire, for times of real danger. Let Lycomedes accuse me.—He knows my offence.

Lycom. How have I exposed myself!—Diphilus, bid these over-officious friends leave me, and, as they value my favour, that they say nothing of what they have seen.—*[Diphilus talks apart with the courtiers, who go out.]* ' Though the insult from any other person had been unpardonable; there are ways that you, Madam, might still take to reconcile me.

' *Ach.* Self-defence, Sir, is the privilege of mankind. I know your power, but as I have offended no law, I rely upon your justice.

' *Lycom.* 'T would be safer, Madam, to rely on your own future behaviour.

' *Ach.* Who was the aggressor, Sir?

' *Lycom.* Beauty, inclination, love. If you will merit favour, you know the conditions.

' AIR XXVIII. *Old King Cole.*

' No more be coy;

' Give a loose to joy,

' And let love for thy pardon sue.

' A glance cou'd all my rage destroy,

' And light up my flame anew.

' For though a man can stand at bay

' Against a woman's will;

' And keep, amid the loudest fray,

' His resolution still:

' Yet when consenting smiles accost,
' The man in her arms is lost.

' *Ach.* If your resentment wants only the show of justice, let this honourable man here be my accuser; it may be necessary for him to trump up a horrid conspiracy to skreen his own infamous practices.

' *Diph.* Your majesty hath had too much confidence in this woman. The lives of kings are sacred, and the matter (trivial as it seems) deserves further inquiry.— There must be some secret villainous design in this affair.

' *Ach.* And are not you, Diphilus, conscious of that secret villainous design?

' *Diph.* 'Tis an offence, Sir, that is not to be pardoned. Your dignity, Sir, calls upon you (notwithstanding your partiality to her) to make her an example. There must be things of consequence that we are still ignorant of; and she ought to undergo the severest examination.—My zeal for your service, Sir, was never as yet at a loss for witnesses upon these occasions.

[To Lycomedes.

' *Lycom.* Don't you see the queen coming this way? Have done with this discourse, dear Diphilus, and leave me.'—[*Exit Diphilus.*] Would I could forget this ridiculous affair! 'For the present, Pyrrha, I trust you to return to the ladies; though (considering your passionate temper) I have little reason to rely on your discretion.'

[*Exit Ach.*

Enter Theaspe.

Theas. I thought I had heard Pyrrha's voice.

Lycom. A jealous woman's thoughts are her own and her husband's eternal plague; so I beg you, my dear, say no more of her.

Theas. And have I no reason but my own thoughts, my liege?

' AIR XXIX. *Dicky's Walk in Dr. Faustus.*

' *Theas.* What give o'er!

' I must and will complain.

' *Lycom.* You plague us both in vain.

' *Theas.* You won't then hear a wife!

' *Lycom.*

Lycom. I must, it seems, for life.

‘Teaze no more.

Theaf. Nay, Sir, you know ’tis true,
‘That ’tis to her I owe my due.
‘No thanks to you!

‘It behoves kings, Sir, to have the severest guard upon
‘their actions; for as their great ones are trumpeted by
‘fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely
‘conveyed from ear to ear by a whisper.’

Lycom. These chimerical jealousies, Madam, may
provoke my patience.

Theaf. Chimerical Jealousies!—And do you really,
Sir, think your ignominious affair is still a secret?—
Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whispered
every where?

‘AIR XXX. *Puddings and Pies.*

Lycom. The slips of a husband, you wives

‘Will never forget;

‘Your tongue for the course of our lives

‘Is never in debt.

‘’Tis now funning,

‘And then dunning;

‘Intent on our follies alone,

‘’Tis so fully employ’d, that you never can think of
your own.

‘*Theaf.* My suspicions have, indeed, wronged Pyrrha.
‘—How I respect and honour that girl!—Deidamia,
‘that honourable, that virtuous creature Pyrrha, well
‘deserves both your friendship and mine.——As soon
‘as you have found her bring her to me, that I may ac-
‘knowledge the merits she hath to me. [Exit Deid.

‘*Theaf.* But after the repulse and disgrace you have
very justly met with, you might with reason censure me
for want of duty and respect shou’d I upbraid you.——
’Tis past; and if you will never again put me in mind,
I choose to forget it.——Yet, would you reward virtue,
and had you any regard for my quiet——

AIR XXXI. *My Dilding, my Dalding.*

Ah ! should you ever find her
 Complying and kinder ;
 Though now you have resign'd her ;
 What then must ensue !
 Your flame, though now 'tis over,
 Again will recover ;
 You'll prove as fond a lover,
 As I'm now of you.

Lycom. What would you have me do ?

Theaf. I would have you distrust yourself, and remove the temptation. I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew Periphas, and I really think we can never meet with a more deserving woman.

Lycom. Whatever scheme you have for her, I shall not interfere with you. I have had enough of her ter-
 magant humours ; she hath not the common softness of the sex.

Theaf. Marriage, Sir, hath broke many a woman's spirit, and that will be only Periphas's affair. When he takes her with him, your own family, at least, will be easy.

Lycom. Her presence, just now, would be shocking. I could not stand the shame and confusion. I see her, and Deidamia with her.—Do with her as you please ; you have my consent : but 'tis my opinion, that Periphas will not find himself much obliged to you ; for the man that marries her must either conquer his own passions or hers ; and one of them (according to my observation) is not to be conquered.

AIR XXXII.

*A maiden that's tender,
 Her heart may surrender,
 And light in your bosom the raptures of love ;
 But such a curs'd wixen
 As her, if you fix on,
 Vexation and endless disquiet you prove.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Theaf. The character Deidamia hath given of you,
 and

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and your own behaviour, child, have so charmed me, that I think I never can sufficiently reward your merits.

Acb. Deidamia's friendship may make her partial. My only merit, Madam, is gratitude.

Theaf. To convince you of the opinion I have of you — But first I must ask you a question — Don't you think, Lady Pyrrha, that my nephew, Periphas, is very agreeable?

Acb. That impatience of his, to serve as a volunteer with the troops of Lycomedes, at the siege of Troy, [is becoming his birth—So much fire, and so much spirit!— I don't wonder your majesty is fond of him.

Theaf. But, I am sure, Pyrrha, you must think his person agreeable.

Acb. No woman alive can dispute it.*

Theaf. I don't know, every way, so deserving a young man; and I have that influence upon him, and, at the same time, that regard for him, that I would have him happy. Don't think, child, that I would make him happy at your expence; for, knowing him, I know you will be so. Was the princess Calista here, 'tis a match she could not disapprove of; therefore, let that be no obstacle, for every thing, in regard to her, I take upon myself.

Acb. Would you make me the obstacle to his glory? *
 Pardon me, Madam, I own myself undeserving.

* AIR XXXIII. *How happy are you and I.*

First let him for honour roam,

And martial fame obtain:

Then (if he should come home)

Perhaps I may explain.

* Since

* In the representation the following Air is introduced here, altered from Air I.

A I R.

What's life? Can ought be more severe,

Than bearing life with shame?

Is that your fondness, that your care!

Oh, give him death with fame!

- ' Since then alone the hero's deeds
 ' Can make my heart give way ;
 ' Till Ilium falls, and Hector bleeds,
 ' I must my choice delay.'

Theas. Nay, Pyrrha, I won't take these romantic notions of yours for an answer. Deidamia is so much your friend, that, I am sure, she must be happy with this alliance: so, while I make the proposal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together. *And however coy you may appear at present, Pyrrha, when my nephew throws himself at your feet, I dare say you will approve of his addresses.*

A I R XXXIV.

*How oft the fair will speak with scorn,
 And rail against a fav'rite swain ;
 Yet, after blushing like the morn,
 She bears him plead, and feels his pain.
 Might maidens but speak out,
 They'd show, beyond all doubt,
 They, more than enough, can love again. [Exit.*

Ach. Was there ever a man in so whimsical a circumstance !

Deid. Was there ever a woman in so happy and so unhappy a one as mine !

Ach. Why did I submit ? Why did I plight my faith, thus infamously to conceal myself ? What is become of my honour ?

Deid. Ah, Pyrrha, Pyrrha ! what is become of mine ?

' *Ach.* When shall I behave myself as a man ?

' *Deid.* Would you had never behaved yourself as one !

' A I R XXXV. *Ey gar rub her o'er with straw.*

- ' Think what anguish tears my quiet,
 ' Since I suffer'd shame for thee :
 ' Man at large may rove and riot,
 ' We are bound, but you are free.
 ' Are thy vows and oaths mistaken ?
 ' See the birds that wing the sky ;
 ' These their mates have ne'er forsaken,
 ' Till their young at least can fly.'

Ach.

Acb. Pestered and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impossible, much longer, to prevent discovery.

Deid. Dear, dear Pyrrha, confide in me. Any other discovery, but to me only, would be inevitable perdition to us both. 'Am I treated like a common prostitute?' Can your gratitude (would I might say love!) refuse to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

Acb. You must rely, my dear princess, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond, weak husband, to be teased into the breaking my resolution.

AIR XXXVI. *Beggar's Opera. Hornpipe.*

Acb. Know that importunity's in vain.

Deid. Can then nothing move thee?

Acb. Ask not, since denial gives me pain.

Deid. Think how much I love thee.

Acb. What's a secret in a woman's breast?

Deid. Canst thou thus upbraid me?

Acb. Let me leave thy heart and tongue at rest.

Deid. Love, then, hath betray'd me.

Acb. For Heaven's sake, Deidamia, if you regard my love, give me quiet—Intreaties, fondness, tears, rage, and the whole 'matrimonial' rhetoric of woman, to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear Deidamia, I am inexorable.

Deid. But, my dear Pyrrha, (for you oblige me still to call you by that name) only 'imagine what must be the consequence of a month or two.' Think of my unhappy condition. To save my shame (if you are a man of honour) you must then come to some resolution.

AIR XXXVII. *My time, Oh, ye Muses!*

How happy my days, and how sweet was my rest,
Ere Love, with his passions, my bosom distress'd!
Now I languish with sorrow, I doubt and I fear;
But love hath me all, when my Pyrrha is near.
Yet, why have I griev'd? Ye vain passions, adieu!
I know my own heart, and I'll think thee as true;
And as you know my heart, 'twould be folly to range;
For who'd be inconstant, to lose by the change?

Acb.

Ach. Till I deserve these suspicions, Deidamia, methinks it would be more becoming your professions of love, to spare them. I have taken my resolutions, and when the time comes, you shall know them: till then, be easy, and press me no farther.

Deid. My life, my honour, then, I implicitly intrust with you.

Ach. Who would have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! The life of a hypocrite must be one continual scene of anxiety. When shall I appear as I am, and extricate myself out of this chain of perplexities! I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

Deid. But, dear Pyrrha, for my sake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour, till your resolution is ripe for execution. You, now and then, take such intolerable strides, that I vow you have set me a blushing.

Ach. Considering my continual restraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclinations, I am surprized at my own behaviour.

‘AIR XXXVIII. *I am come to your house.*

‘Your dress, your conversations,
 ‘Your airs of joy and pain,
 ‘All these are affectations
 ‘We never can attain.
 ‘The sex so often varies,
 ‘’Tis nature more than art:
 ‘To play their whole vagaries,
 ‘We must have woman’s heart.

Deid. Your swearing, too, upon certain occasions, sounds so very masculine; an oath startles me. Would I could cure myself of these violent apprehensions!

Ach. As for that matter, there are ladies, who, in their passions, can take all the liberties of speech.

Deid. Then, too, you very often look so agreeably impudent upon me, that, let me die, if I have not been mortally afraid my sisters would find you out.

Ach.

Ach. Impudent! Are women so censorious, that looks cannot escape them? May not one woman look kindly upon another without scandal?

Deid. But such looks—Nay, perhaps, I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithstanding your dress) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

Ach. Do what we will, love, at some moments, will be unguarded. But what shall I do about this Periphas? *I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.*

Deid. His heart is so set upon the siege, that I know you can have but very little persecution upon his account.

Ach. Would I could go with him!

Deid. And could you leave me thus?

Ach. Have you only a womanish fondness? I thought, Deidamia, you loved me. And you cannot truly love and esteem, if, in every circumstance of life, you have not a just regard for my honour.

Deid. Dear Pyrrha, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have set my heart in a most violent palpitation. Let us talk no more upon this disagreeable subject. My sisters will grow very impatient. Should we stay longer together, I might again be importunate, and ask to know you; and I had rather bear the eternal plague of unsatisfied curiosity, than give you a moment's disquiet. They are now expecting us in the garden, and, considering my present circumstances, I would not give them occasion to be impertinent: for, of late, they have been horridly prying and inquisitive. Let us go to them.

Ach. I envy that Periphas. His honour, his fame, his glory is not shackled by a woman.

AIR XXXIX. *The Clarinette.*

Ah, why is my heart so tender!
My honour incites me to arms:
To love shall I fame surrender?
By laurels I'll merit thy charms.

D

Deid.

Deid. How can I bear the reflection?

Ach. I balance, and honour gives way.

Deid. Reward my love by affection;
I ask thee no more than I pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

* A C T III.

Enter Theaspe, Periphas, and 'Artemona.'

* THEASPE.

PERIPHAS, I have a favour to ask of you, and positively I will not be refused.

Per. Your majesty may command.

Theasp. Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

* *Per.* To obey your commands, Madam, must be so.

* *Theasp.* I am not, Periphas, talking to you as a queen, but as a relation, a friend. I must have no difficulties; therefore I insist upon your absolute promise.

* *Per.* I am not in my own power, Madam. Lycomedes, you know, hath acceded to the treaty of alliance; that to furnish his quota, his troops are already embarked, and that I have engaged myself in his service.

* *Theasp.* Why will you raise obstacles before you know the conditions? 'Tis a thing I have set my heart upon; and I tell you, 'tis what, in honour, you can comply with.

Per. My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your disposal.

Theasp. You promise, then, solemnly, faithfully——

Per. I do.

Theasp. I have remarked, Periphas, that you are prodigiously fond of the princess Calista's daughter.

Per. I fond of her, Madam!

* *Theasp.* Nay, Periphas, are not you eternally at her ear?

* *Art.* How have I seen that formidable hero, General Ajax, suffer upon your account! Of all his rivals, you

' are his eternal torment—He reddens, sighs, and (as much as is consistent with such a blustering soldier's valour) languishes whenever you are near her.'

Theaf. You may safely own your passion, Periphas; for I know you think her agreeable.

' *Art.* Besides her being the fashionable beauty of the court (which is sufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude, ought to like her. I know all of them envy the particular distinction she shews you.

' *Theaf.* I am convinced of her merits; and your marrying her, I know, would make you both happy.

' *Per.* Let me perish, Madam, if I ever once thought of it.

' *Theaf.* Your happiness, you see, hath been in my thoughts—I take the settling this affair upon myself.'

Per. How could you, Madam, imagine I had any views of this kind? What, be a woman's follower, with intention to marry her! 'Why, the very women themselves would laugh at a man who had so vulgar a notion of gallantry, and knew so little of their inclinations: the man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and, for the most part, they have every other view but marriage.

Theaf. But I am serious, nephew, and insist upon your promise.

' AIR XL. *No sooner had Jonathan leap'd from the boat.*

' What are the jests that on marriage you quote?

' All ignorant bachelors censure by rote;

' Like critics, you view it with envy or spleen.

' You pry out its faults, but the good is o'erseen.

' *Per.* 'Tis not in my power, Madam; 'tis not in my inclinations. A soldier can have but one inducement to marry, (and a woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence.

' *Theaf.* You know, nephew, you have promised.

' *Per.* But suppose I am already engaged.

' *Theaf.* That will be another merit to her.'

Per. 'Tis impossible, Madam. In a day or two, you know, I am to set out for the campaign.

Theasf. A lady of her romantic spirit can have no objections to following the camp.

AIR XLI. Love's a dream of mighty pleasure.

- ' Soldier, think before you marry ;
- ' If your wife the camp attends,
- ' You but a convenience carry,
- ' For (perhaps) a hundred friends.
- ' If at home she's left in sorrow,
- ' Absence is convenient too ;
- ' Neighbours now and then may borrow
- ' What is of no use to you.

Theasf. I, indeed, feared Pyrrha might have started some difficulties ; but if you rightly consider the proposal, you can have none.

Per. What is the cause of the war we are now engaged in ? Does not the fate of Menelaus stare me in the face ?

Theasf. I will have no more of your trifling objections, Periphas ; ' and, as to your part,' from this time, I will look upon the affair as happily concluded. ' All that now remains to be done, is with Pyrrha. I have left her to Deidamia's management ; and, without doubt, her good offices must prevail ; for you can never have a better advocate. But should the girl be perverse and obstinate——'Tis impossible. For however her heart is already engaged, no woman alive can resist the ambition of such an alliance.'

AIR XLII

- ' Think, 'Ob, think ! that love and glory
- Fire at once the gallant breast,
- Claiming equal empire o'er you ;
- Each shall plume the hero's crest.
- Mars shall make thee fam'd in story.
- Cupid, Cupid, make you blest'd.

[*Exeunt Theaspe and Artemona.*

Per.

Per. Had I so little taste of liberty as to be inclined to marry, that girl is of so terribant a spirit—The bravest man must have the dread of an eternal domestic war. 'In a tongue-combat, woman is invincible, and the husband must come off with shame and infamy; for though he lives in perpetual noise and tumult, the poor man is only ridiculous to his neighbours. How can we ever get rid of her? Hercules conquered the seven-headed hydra; but his wife was a venomed shirt that stuck to him to the last.' *We have but one inducement to marry, (and the woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence; tho', indeed, a lady of Pyrrha's romantic disposition may have no objection to following the camp.**

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. This rencounter, Periphas, is as I wished. The liberties you have taken—you know what I mean—when my honour is concerned—an indignity, and all that—'Tis not to be put up; and I must insist upon an explanation—'There is a particular affair, my Lord—'

Per. Your accosting me in this particular manner, Lord Ajax, requires explanation; for, let me die, if I comprehend you.

Ajax. Death, my Lord, I explain! I am not come here to be asked questions. 'Tis sufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have satisfaction.—So, now you are answered.

Per. I can't lay much to my satisfaction, my Lord; for I can't so much as guess at your meaning.

Ajax. A man of honour, Periphas, is not to be trifled withal.

Per. But a man of honour, Ajax, is not obliged, in courage, to be unintelligible.

Ajax. I hate talking; the tongue is a woman's weapon. Whenever I am affronted, by the gods, this sword is my only answer.

Per. 'Tis not, Ajax, that I decline the dispute, or would, upon any account, deny you the pleasure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much condescension in a

* In the representation, Air XLI. is introduced here.

man of honour) before I fight, I would willingly know the provocation.

AIR XLIII. *Maggy Lawther.*

Ajax. ' What is all this idle chat ?
 ' Words are out of season.
 ' Whether 'tis or this or that,
 ' The sword shall do me reason.
 ' Honour call'd me to the task ;
 ' No matter for explaining :
 ' 'Tis a fresh affront to ask
 ' A man of honour's meaning.

' Be it as it will, Periphas, we have gone too far already
 ' to retract.' You know, I suppose, of my pretensions
 to a certain lady. Now are you satisfied ?

' *Per.* If you had her, my Lord, it had been much
 ' more to my satisfaction. I admire your courage.

' AIR XLIV. *Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.*

' Oh, then, it seems you want a wife !
 ' Should I consent,
 ' You may repent,
 ' And all her daily jars and strife
 ' You may on me resent.
 ' Thus ev'ry day and ev'ry night,
 ' If things at home should not go right,
 ' We three must live in constant fight.
 ' Take her at all event.

' *Ajax.* Hell and furies ! I am not to be rallied out of
 ' my resentment.'

Per. Now, in my opinion, 'tis flinging away your courage
 to fight without a cause ; ' though, indeed, the men
 ' of uncommon prowess, by their loving to make the most
 ' of every quarrel, seem to think the contrary.'

Ajax. You are not so sure of the lady, Periphas, as
 you flatter yourself ; for whenever I am a rival, by Jove,
 'tis not her consent, but my sword, that must decide the
 question.

' *Per.* Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had a
 ' better reason for fighting than I have at present ; for
 ' if

‘ if I am killed, I shall be out of danger of having the woman.’

Ajax. If I fall, Pyrrha may be yours : you will then deserve her—Till then—

Per. So he that conquers, as a reward, I find, is to be married—Now, dear Ajax, is that worth fighting for ?

Ajax. ‘ Your passion for that lady, Periphas, is too public to bear dispute.’——Spare your jokes ; for my courage wants no farther provocation. Have not I seen you whisper her, laugh with her ? And, by some particular looks at the same time, ’twas too evident that you were laughing at me.

Per. Looks, Ajax !

Ajax. Yes, looks my Lord ; and I never did, or will take an impertinent one from any man.

Per. Impertinent one !

Ajax. Furies ! this calm mockery is not to be borne. I won’t have my words repeated.

‘ *Per.* Such language, Ajax, may provoke me.

‘ AIR XLV. *Richmond Ball.*

‘ What means all this ranting ?

‘ *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

‘ ‘Tis provoking.

‘ *Per.* I to my honour will ne’er be wanting.

‘ *Ajax.* Will’ you do me right ?

‘ *Per.* What means all this ranting ?

‘ *Ajax.* Cease your joking,

‘ ‘Tis provoking.

‘ *Per.* I to my honour will ne’er be wanting.

‘ *Ajax.* Talk not, then, but fight.

‘ Give then by action

‘ Satisfaction.

‘ *Per.* I’m not in awe, Sir.

‘ *Ajax.* Death ! will you draw, Sir ?

‘ Tittle-tattle

‘ Is a battle

‘ You may safer try.

‘ *Per.* Yet, first, I’d fain know why.’

Ajax. Draw, Sir.

Per.

Per. Pryibee, put up, Ajax.

Ajax. By Jupiter, Periphas, 'till now I never thought you a coward.

Per. Nay then——since my own honour calls upon me.—Take notice, Ajax, that I don't fight for the woman. *[They fight.]*

Enter Theaspe, Artemona, and Guards.

1 Guard. Part 'em.—Beat down their swords.

[They are parted.]

2 Guard. How dared you presume to fight in the royal gardens?

1 Guard. Nay, in the very presence!—For see, the queen.

Ajax. 'Tis very hard, Sirs, that a man should be denied the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Theasf. Lord Ajax, for this unparalleled presumption we forbid you the palace.

Ajax. I shall take some other opportunity, my Lord.

[Exit Ajax.]

Theasf. And as for you, Periphas——

Per. Your majesty's rigor can do no less than forbid me the woman.

Theasf. The woman, Periphas, is the only thing that can reconcile me to your behaviour.

Per. That blundering hero Ajax will have it that I am his rival. The man will be almost as miserable without her, as 'tis probable he might be with her.—Oblige us both then, Madam, and let the general be miserable in his own way.

Theasf. I could not have imagined that obstinate girl could have had any scruples to the match; but Deidamia tells me she finds her as difficult as you.

Per. Since you know, Madam, that Pyrrha will have her own way; for both our sakes, and to save yourself unnecessary trouble, your majesty had better give up this impossibility.

Enter Diphilus and Guards.

Diph. To prevent future mischief, my Lord, his majesty puts you under arrest, and commands you to attend him. General Ajax is already in custody.—'Tis his pleasure too, that (after you have paid your duty to

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‘ him) you’ embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again upon pain of his majesty’s displeasure.*

AIR XLVI.

‘ In war we’ve nought but death to fear,
 ‘ How gracious is the sentence!
 ‘ For that is easier far to bear,
 ‘ Than marriage with repentance.
 ‘ Begirt with foes, by numbers brav’d,
 ‘ I’d bless the happy crisis;
 ‘ The man from greater danger sav’d,
 ‘ The lesser ones despises.

‘ *Per.* Your majesty then, you find, must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—If the general should be so happy, to bring Pyrrha with him to the camp, perhaps we may like one another better.

‘ *Diph.* The king, Madam, wants to talk to your majesty upon affairs of consequence.—You will find him in the royal apartment.

‘ *Theaf.* My daughters with Pyrrha have just turn’d the walk, and are coming this way.—You may stay with ’em, Artemona, till I send for you.

‘ [*Exeunt Theaf. Per. and Diph.*]

* In the performance, the following air is introduced.

Per. The queen then must dispense with my promise ’till after the expedition.—I think myself infinitely obliged to his majesty.

A I R.

*In war, though wounds and death we fear,
 How gracious those events,
 Compared to what the wretch must bear,
 Who marries and repents.*

*The foes surround in numbers brave,
 Soon ends the martial strife,
 But once by wedlock’s chain a slave,
 The contest lasts for life.*

‘ *Enter*

Enter Philoe, and Lesbia.

Phil. 'Tis horridly mortifying that these trades-people will never get any thing new against a birth-day. They are all so abominably stupid, that a woman of fancy cannot possibly have the opportunity of shewing her genius.

Lesb. The fatigue one hath of talking to those creatures for at least a month before a birth-day, is insupportable; for you know, sister, when the time draws so very near, a woman can think of nothing else.

Phil. After all, sister, though their things are detestable, one must make choice of something or other. I have sent to the fellows to be with me this morning.

Lesb. You are so eternally sending for 'em, one would imagine you was delighted with their conversation. For those hideous stuffs they will shew us from year to year are frightful, are shocking. How can a woman have so ill a taste as to expose herself in a last year's pattern!

Phil. Dear Madam, I beg your pardon. Let me die, if I saw you!

Lesb. Our meeting her was lucky beyond expression, for I never felt so uneasy a thing as a secret.

Phil. You know, sister, we had agreed to trust her with our suspicions.

Lesb. Yet after all, when a sister's reputation is concerned.

Phil. But is not the honour of a family of greater consequence?

Lesb. Though she is a woman and a favourite, I dare say, if Artemona promises, whatever she suffers, she will inviolably keep it to herself.

Art. If I had not this quality, I had little deserved Theaspe's friendship.——Be assured, ladies, you may safely trust me.

Phil. 'Tis impossible, sister, but she herself must have observed it.

Lesb. Whatever people have observed, 'tis a thing, you know, that no creature alive can presume to talk upon.

Phil. Deal fairly and openly with us, Artemona.——

Have

'Have you remarked nothing particular of Deidamia yonder of late ?

' *Art.* Of Deidamia !

' *Leib.* Only look upon her, Madam.

' *Phil.* Well——what do you think of her ?

' *Leib.* Are you blind, Artemona, or dare not you believe your eyes ?

' *Art.* Her particular intimacy with Pyrrha do you mean ?

' *Phil.* Dear Madam !——Then I find we must speak first.

' *Leib.* Now, dear Artemona, can any woman alive imagine that shape of hers within 'the' compass 'of common modesty ?

' *Art.* But how can one possibly have those suspicions ?

' *Phil.* She is a woman, Madam ; she hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities 'that we know nothing of.'

AIR XLVII. Minuet of Corelli in the Ninth Concerto.

Phil. We may resolve to resist temptation ;
And that's all we can do ;
For in the hour of inclination
What cou'd—I or you ?

But the happy man ? There, Artemona, is still the secret.

' *Leib.* Though the thing is improbable, 'tis so monstrously evident, that it cannot bear a dispute.

' *Phil.* Then her bosom too is so preposterously impudent !——One would think a woman in her condition was not conscious of her own shame.

' *Leib.* Or imagined other people could overlook it as well as herself.

' *Phil.* Then she is so squeamish and so frequently out of order.——

' *Leib.* That she hath all the outward marks of female frailty must be visible to all womankind.

' *Phil.* But how she came by them, there, Artemona, is still the secret.

' *Leib.* I must own that, by her particular intimacies
with

‘ with that forward creature, Pyrrha, I suspect her to be
 ‘ her confident in this accident.’

Art. I beg you, ladies, to turn this discourse; for
 Deidamia and Pyrrha are just coming upon us to join the
 conversation.

Enter Deidamia and Achilles.

Lesb. Now I dare swear that careless creature Pyrrha
 hath not once thought of her clothes.

‘ *Art.* Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 ‘ trifle, for ’tis the only mark of respect that most people
 ‘ are capable of shewing. And though that is not your
 ‘ case, I know your gratitude can never omit this public
 ‘ occasion.

‘ AIR XLVIII. *Tom and Will were Shepherds twain.*

‘ Think of dress in ev’ry light;
 ‘ ’Tis woman’s chiefest duty;
 ‘ Neglecting that, ourselves we slight
 ‘ And undervalue beauty.
 ‘ That allures the lover’s eye,
 ‘ And graces ev’ry action;
 ‘ Besides, when not a creature’s by,
 ‘ ’Tis inward satisfaction.

Ach. As I am yet a stranger, ladies, to the fashions of
 the country, ’tis your fancy that must determine me.

Phil. How can a woman of common sense be so un-
 solicitous about her dress!

Art. Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a
 trifle.

‘ *Lesb.* And trust a woman to choose for her! ’Tis a
 ‘ temper to be spiteful that very few of us can resist;
 ‘ for we have not many pleasures that can equal that of
 ‘ seeing another woman ridiculous.

‘ *Phil.* But you have not, Pyrrha, misplaced your
 ‘ confidence.

‘ *Enter Servant.*

‘ *Serv.* Your embroiderer, Madam.

‘ *Phil.* That woman is everlastingly pestering me for
 ‘ employment. Now can she imagine, that to promote
 ‘ her tawdry trade, I can be talked into making myself
 ‘ ridi-

' ridiculous by appearing eternally in her odious embroidery?—I can't see her now.—But, perhaps, I may want her for some trivial thing or other.—Let her call again to-morrow.'

Serv. The anti-chamber, Madam, is crowded with tradespeople.

Phil. Did not I tell you that I would not be troubled with those impertinent creatures?—But hold—I had forgot I sent for 'em.—Let 'em wait.

Leib. But if those foreign merchants who lately came into port are among 'em——

' *Phil.* There, sister, is all my hope. I shall be horribly disappointed if they don't shew us something charming.

' *Leib.* Should any woman alive get sight of their things before us——

' *Phil.* I could not bear it.—To appear in what another woman had refused would make the creature so intolerably vain!

' *Leib.* Are those merchants, I ask you, among 'em?

Serv. They have been waiting, Madam, above this half hour.

Leib. ' And did not you know our impatience? — How could you be so stupid?'—Let us see them this instant.

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Agyrtes, disguised as merchants.

Art. Unless you have any thing that is absolutely new and very uncommon, you will give us and yourselves, gentlemen, but unnecessary trouble.

' *Ulys.* Our experience, Madam, must have profited very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we could imagine they could possibly be pleased twice with the same thing.

' *Diom.* You might as well offer 'em the same love.

' *Ulys.* We have learned the good manners, Madam, to distinguish our customers.—To produce any thing that had ever been seen before, would be a downright insult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

' *Diom.* Novelty is the very spirit of dress.

' *Leib.* Let me die, if the fellows don't talk charmingly!

' *Phil.* Sensibly, sister.

Leſb. 'Tis evident they muſt have had dealings with ladies of condition.

Diom. We only wait your commands.

Ulyſ. We have things of all kinds, ladies.

Phil. Of all kinds! — Now that is juſt what I wanted to ſee.

Leſb. Are not theſe, ſiſter, moſt delightful creatures?

Ulyſ. We know a lady can never fix, unleſs we firſt cloy her curioſity.

Diom. And if variety can pleaſe, we have every thing that fancy can wiſh.

‘ AIR XLIX. *The Bob-tail Laſs.*

‘ In dreſs and love by like deſires

‘ Is woman’s heart perplex’d;

‘ The man and the gown the one day admires,

‘ She wiſhes to change the next.

‘ The more you are ſickle, we’re more employ’d,

‘ And love hath more customers too;

‘ For men are as ſickle, and ſoon are cloy’d,

‘ Unleſs they have ſomething new.

Leſb. But, dear man, conſider our impatience.

Ulyſ. Would you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or would you ſee ‘em in your own apartment?

Phil. How intolerably theſe fellows love talking!

Leſb. How canſt thou, man, aſk ſuch a queſtion!

Phil. Here——immediately.

Ulyſ. Nay, ‘tis not, Madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the moſt glaring light——as for that matter——

Leſb. Nay, pr’ythee, fellow have done.

‘ [*Diomedes goes out and returns with Agyrtes.*]

Ulyſ. I would not offer you theſe pearls, ladies, if the world could produce ſuch another pair.

Phil. A pair, fellow——Doſt thou think that jewels pair like men and women, becauſe they were never made to agree?

Diom. Now, ladies, here is all that art can shew you.

—Open the packet.

Lesb. This very individual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

Phil. Don't you think it pretty, Deidamia?

Ulys. Look upon it again, Madam.——Never was so delightful a mixture!

Diom. So soft! so mellow!

Ulys. So advantageous for the complexion!

Lesb. I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

Phil. I hate our own tame home-bred fancy.——I own I like the design—but take it away, man.

Art. There must be something pretty in every thing that is foreign. [*Ulysses shews another piece.*]

Deid. I am sure, Madam, this must convince you to the contrary.——Never was any thing so detestable!

Lesb. For heaven's sake, Sir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery.

Ulys. How could'st thou make this mistake?——Never was such an eternal blunderer. [*Opens the armour.*]

Phil. How ridiculous is this accident!

Diom. Pardon the mistake, ladies.

Lesb. A suit of armour!——You see, Philoe, they can at least equip us for the camp.

Phil. Nay, Lesbia, for that matter it might serve many a stiff awkward creature that we see every day in the drawing-room; for their drefs is every way as absurd and preposterous. [*Another packet opened.*]

Ulys. If your expectations, ladies, are not now answered, let fancy own herself at a stand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irresistible!

Lesb. For heaven's sake, lady Pyrrha—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have so little curiosity?

[*As the ladies are employed in examining the stuffs, Achilles is handling and passing the armour. Ulysses observing him.*]

Achil. The workmanship is curious; and justly mounted! This very sword seems fitted to my hand.—The shield too is so little cumbersome; so very easy!—Was Hector here, the fate of Troy should this instant be decided.——How my heart burns to meet him!

Ulys. [*Aside to Diom.*] That intrepid air! That god-

like look! It must be he! His nature, his disposition shews him through the disguise. [*To Achilles.*] Son of Thetis, I know thee, Greece demands thee, and now, Achilles, the house of Priam shakes.

Ach. But what are you, friend, who thus presume to know me?

Ulys. You cannot be a stranger, Sir, to the name of Ulysses.

Ach. As I have long honoured, I shall now endeavour, Sir, to emulate your fame.

Ulys. Know, Sir, Diomedes; he too is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

Diom. Come, Agyrtes; with him we carry conquest to the confederates.

[Agyrtes takes a trumpet which lays amongst the armour, and sounds.]

AIR L. *My Dame hath a lame tame Crane.*

Ulys. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

Diom. How I pant!

Achil. How I burn for the fight.

Diom. Hark, glory calls.

Achil. Now great Hector shall bleed.

Agyr. Fame shall our deeds requite.

[As Achilles is going off, he turns and looks on Deidamia.]

AIR LI. *Geminiani's Minuet.*

Ach. Beauty weeps.—Ay, why that languish?

See, she calls, and bids me stay,

How can I leave her? my heart feels her anguish!

Hence, fame and glory! Love wins the day.

[He drops the sword and shield.]

Trumpet sounds, and he takes 'em up again.

AIR LI. *My Dame hath a lame, &c. as before, sung in Four Parts as a Catch.*

Ulys. Thy fate then, Oh, Troy, is decreed.

Ach. How I pant! How I burn for the fight!

Diom. Hark, glory calls. Now great Hector shall bleed.

Agyr.

Ag. sr. Fame shall our deeds requite.

[As they are going, Achilles stops with his eyes fixed on Deidamia.]

Art. For heaven's sake, ladies, support Deidamia.

Phil. Never was any thing so astonishing!

Leib. Run then, Arremona; and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happened. *[Exit Art.]*

Phil. Ah, sister, sister, the mystery then of that particular intimacy between you and Pyrrha is at last unravelled.

Leib. Now if it had not been a man of this prodigious consequence, it had been the same thing.——

Sure never was unguarded woman so unaccountably lucky!

Deid. Can you leave me, Achilles?——Can you?

Uly. Consider your own glory, Sir.

AIR LII. Gavotti of Corelli.

Ach. Why this pain?

Love adieu,

Break thy chain,

Fame pursue.

Ah, false heart,

Canst thou part?

Oaths and vows have bound me.

Fame cries, go;

Love says, no.

Why d'ye thus confound me?

Deid. Think of my situation.——Save my honour.

Uly. Think of the honour of Greece.

Deid. Think of your solemn oaths and promises.

Uly. Nations depend upon you.——Victory, Sir, calls you hence.

Deid. Can you, Achilles, be perfidious?

Uly. Can you lose your glory in the arms of a woman?

Deid. Can you sacrifice the fame of your faithful Deidamia?

‘ AIR LIII. *The Scheme.*

- ‘ *Ach.* Oh, what a conflict’s in my breast !
 ‘ *Ulys.* What, still in suspense ? bid fame adieu.
 ‘ *Deid.* See me with shame oppress :
 ‘ I curse, yet I love thee too.
 ‘ *Ulys.* Let not her sighs unman your heart.
 ‘ *Deid.* ‘ Can you then go, and faith resign ?
 ‘ *Ach.* Shou’d I ! ——— How can I part ?
 ‘ *Deid.* Your honour is link’d with mine.’

Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Diphilus, Periphas, and Ajax.

- ‘ *Lycom.* Hence, Diphilus ; and presume no more to
 ‘ come into my presence. ’Twas your paltry flattery that
 ‘ made me ridiculous. — Such a genius can never be at
 ‘ a loss for employment, for I have found you qualified
 ‘ for the very meanest offices. [*Exit Diphilus.*’

Theas. My daughter, Sir, I hope, hath put confidence
 in a man of honour.

Ach. My word, Madam, is as sacred as the most religious ceremony. — Yet (though we are already solemnly betrothed to each other) ’tis my request, Madam, that before I leave the court the priest may confirm the marriage. [*Theaspe whispers Artemona, who goes out.*

‘ *Theas.* This might have proved a scurvy affair, Deidamia ; for a woman can never depend upon a man’s honour after she hath lost her own to him.

‘ [*Achilles talks apart to Ulysses, Periphas, &c.*

‘ *Lycom.* You must own, Madam, that ’twas your own jealousies that were the occasion of Deidamia’s disgrace.

‘ *Theas.* How can you have the assurance to name it ?
 ‘ Does it not put you in mind of your own ? — Let
 ‘ her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing
 ‘ past.

‘ *Ach.* As you was so furiously in love, lord Ajax, I
 ‘ hope I shall still retain your friendship.

‘ *Ajax.* No joking I beg you, young man — But,
 ‘ pr’ythee how came you here ? and in a woman’s dress
 ‘ too ! — Your setting out, stripling, did not seem to
 ‘ promise much.

‘ *Ach.*

' *Ach.* The adventure would be too long to tell you.

' — I shall reserve the story for the camp.

' [*Artemona returns with the priest.*]

' *Art.* The priest, Sir, is ready.

' *Lycom.* The ceremony waits you.

' *Ach.* It shall be my study, *Lycomedes*, to deserve this alliance.

' *Lycom.* May you be happy.

' *Theaf.* Let the priest then join your hands.

' [*Achilles, Deidamia, Lycomedes, Theafpe, Lesbina,*

' *Philoë, Artemona, retire to the back part of the stage.*

' *The priest performs the ceremony.*

' *Per.* Our duel, *Ajax*, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the case. — But you know, like men of violent honour, we were so very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

' *Ajax.* If you are too free with your wit, *Periphas*, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

' *Ulys.* What testy, *Ajax* ! Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the discovery ! for had you found a real complying woman you had irretrievably been married. — The presence of *Achilles* shall now animate the war.

' AIR LIV. *The Man that is drunk, &c.*

' *Per.* Was ever a lover so happily freed !

' *Ajax.* Try me no more ; and mention it never.

' *Ulys.* Suppose you had found her a woman indeed.

' *Ajax.* Must I be teaz'd and worried for ever !

' *Diom.* By conquest in battle we finish the strife ;

' *Per.* But marriage had kept you in quarrels for life.

' *Ajax.* Must you be sneering ?

' Truce with your jeering.

' Know that you wits oft' pay for your sneering.

' *Per.* If you had been deceived by a woman — 'tis what we are all liable to.

' *Diom.* But *Ajax* is a man of warm imagination.

' *Ajax.* After this day let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

Per.

‘ *Per.* Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceived: for love, you know, is blind.

‘ *Ajax.* With my sword I can answer any man.——

‘ I tell you, I hate joking.

[*Lycomedes, &c. come forward.*]

‘ *Lycom.* I have the common cause so much at heart, that I would not, son, detain you from the siege.

‘ *AIR LV. There lived long ago in a Country Place.*

‘ *Deid.* How short was my calm! in a moment ’tis past;

‘ Fresh sorrows arise, and my day is o’ercast.

‘ But since ’tis decreed.—Let me stifle this tear.

‘ Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;

‘ On thine it depends; ’tis for thee that I fear.

‘ *Lycom.* As both her country and your glory are concerned, Deidamia must learn to bear your absence.—

‘ In the mean time, Achilles, she shall be our care.—As

‘ the marriage is confirmed; let the dancers, who were preparing for th’ approaching festival, celebrate the wedding.

Lycom. May you be happy! the priest shall join your hands, immediately.

Theas. And let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

A I R LVI.

*Hark! Hark! drums and trumpets call forth to the field,
Quit, quit thy disguise, for the sword and the shield!*

Thy prowess and valour shall vanquish the foe,

The towers of proud Troy shall at last be laid low.

Thy honour in arms like thy constancy prove

Victorious in battle as faithful in love.

Ajax. But, hearkee! young fellow! this is the old soldier’s play; for we seldom leave quarters, but the landlord’s daughter is the better for us.——Hah!

Ulys. Thanks to the gods, the hero could not be concealed; the presence of Achilles shall now animate the war. There he will act in his proper sphere. We may, for a while, put on a feigned character, but nature will shew itself at last.
—’Tis to the armour we owe Achilles.

‘ *AIR*

' AIR LVII. *Minuet of Corelli.*

- ' *Single.* Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded;
' *Chorus.* Through all disguise she herself must betray.
' *Single.* Heav'n with success hath our labours rewarded.
' *Chorus.* Let's with Achilles our genius obey.

' AIR LVIII. *Saraband of Corelli.*

- ' *Ulys.* Thus when the cat had once all woman's graces;
' Courtship, marriage won her embraces :
' Forth leapt a mouse ; she, forgetting enjoyment,
' Quits her fond spouse for her former employment.'

C H O R U S.

Minuet of Corelli.

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded ;
Through all disguise she herself must betray.
Heav'n with success hath our labours rewarded ;
Let's with Achilles our genius obey.

END of the THIRD ACT.



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Act I.

POLLY in OPERA.

Scen



L. Robinson del.

Engraved for the Theatre 1777.

MISS BROWN in the Character of POLLY.
As I am your Servant, Sir, my duty obliges me
not to contradict you: —

, BELL'S EDITION.

P O L L Y.

AN OPERA,

As written by JOHN GAY.

BEING THE SECOND PART

OF THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum
De seruit pædæ pæna claudo.*

HOR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand.

MDCC LXXX.

P R E F A C E.

AFTER Mr. *Rich* and I were agreed upon terms and conditions for bringing this piece on the stage, and that every thing was ready for rehearsal, the lord chamberlain sent an order from the country to prohibit Mr. *Rich* to suffer any play to be rehearsed upon his stage till it had been first of all supervised by his grace. As soon as Mr. *Rich* came from his grace's secretary (who had sent for him to receive the before-mentioned order) he came to my lodgings and acquainted me with the orders he had received.

Upon the lord chamberlain's coming to town, I was confin'd by sickness, but in four or five days I went abroad on purpose to wait upon his grace, with a faithful and genuine copy of this piece, excepting the errata of the transcriber.

As I have heard several suggestions and false insinuations concerning the copy; I take this occasion in the most solemn manner to affirm, that the very copy I delivered to Mr. *Rich*, was written in my own hand, some months before, at the *Bath*, from my own first foul blotted papers; from this, that for the Playhouse was transcribed, from whence Mr. *Stede*, the prompter, copied that which I delivered to the lord chamberlain: and, excepting my own foul blotted papers, I do protest I know of no other copy whatsoever, than those I have mentioned.

The copy which I gave into the hands of Mr. *Rich* had been seen before by several persons of the greatest distinction and veracity, who will be ready to do me the honour and justice to attest it; so that not only by them, but by Mr. *Rich* and Mr. *Stede*, I can (against

all insinuation or positive affirmation) prove in the most clear and undeniable manner, if occasion required, what I have here upon my own honour and credit asserted. The Introduction indeed was not shown to the lord chamberlain, which, as I had not then quite settled, was never transcribed in the playhouse copy.

It was on *Saturday* morning, *December 7th*, 1728, that I waited upon the lord chamberlain; I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned on the *Monday* following; but I had it not till *Thursday, December 12*, when I received it from his grace with this answer; "*that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed.*" This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned, or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.

Since this prohibition I have been told, that I am accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected libels and seditious pamphlets. As it hath ever been my utmost ambition (if that word may be used upon this occasion) to lead a quiet and inoffensive life, I thought my innocence in this particular would never have required a justification; and as this kind of writing is what I have ever detested, and never practised, I am persuaded so groundless a calumny can never be believed, but by those who do not know me. But as general aspersions of this sort have been cast upon me, I think myself called upon to declare my principles; and I do, with the strictest truth, affirm, that I am as loyal a subject and as firmly attached to the present happy establishment, as any of those who have the greatest places or pensions. I have been informed too, that, in the following play, I have been charged with writing immoralities; that it is filled with slander and calumny against particular great persons; and that majesty itself is endeavoured to be brought into ridicule and contempt.

As I knew that every one of these charges was in every point absolutely false and without the least

grounds, at first I was not at all affected by them; but when I found they were still insisted upon, and that particular passages, which were not in the play, were quoted and propagated to support what had been suggested, I could no longer bear to lie under these false accusations; so by printing it, I have submitted and given up all present views of profit which might accrue from the stage, which undoubtedly will be some satisfaction to the worthy gentlemen who have treated me with so much candour and humanity, and represented me in such favourable colours.

But as I am conscious to myself, that my only intention was to lash, in general, the reigning and fashionable vices, and to recommend and set virtue in as amiable a light as I could; to justify and vindicate my own character, I thought myself obliged to print the Opera without delay in the manner I have done.

As the play was principally designed for representation, I hope, when it is read, it will be considered in that light: and when all that hath been said against it shall appear to be entirely misunderstood or misrepresented; if, some time hence, it should be permitted to appear on the stage, I think it necessary to acquaint the public, that, as far as a contract of this kind can be binding, I am engaged to Mr. *Rich* to have it represented upon his theatre.

March 25, 1729.

INTRODUCTION.

POET, PLAYER.

POET.

A Sequel to a play is like more last words. It is a kind of absurdity; and really, sir, you have prevailed upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

1st Player. Be the success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for; and upon the inducement of gain, nobody can blame you for undertaking it.

Poet. I know, I must have been looked upon as whimsical, and particular, if I had scrupled to have risked my reputation for my profit; for why should I be more squeamish than my betters? and so, sir, contrary to my opinion I bring *Polly* once again upon the stage.

1st Player. Consider, sir, you have prepossession on your side.

Poet. But then the pleasure of novelty is lost; and in a thing of this kind, I am afraid I shall hardly be pardoned for imitating myself; for sure, pieces of this sort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependance, like a tricking bookseller's, is that the kind reception the first part met with, will carry off the second, be it what it will.

1st Play. You should not disparage your own works; you will have critics enough who will be glad to do that for you: and let me tell you, sir, after the success you have had, you must expect envy.

Poet. Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if critics allow me less. I should be an arrant courtier,

er an arrant beggar indeed, if as soon as I have received one undeserved favour, I should lay claim to another; I do not flatter myself with the like success.

1st Player. I hope, sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your last piece.

Poet. I know that I have been unjustly accused of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

1st Player. Really, sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town.—I am indeed afraid too that your satire here and there is too free. A man should be cautious how he mentions any vice whatsoever before good company, lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

Poet. The stage, sir, hath the privilege of the pulpit, to attack vice however dignified or distinguished; and preachers and poets should not be too well bred upon these occasions: nobody can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the person.

1st Player. But how can you hinder malicious applications?

Poet. Let those answer for them who make them. I aim at no particular persons; my strokes are at vice in general; but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans*, by those he hath seen and conversed with, &c. And I will venture to own, that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous; which would soon amend and reform the common people, who act by imitation.

1st Player. But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country, without doubt would be looked upon as more discreet. Though your satire, sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence; every vicious man thinks you particular, for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make yourself so many enemies? I say no more upon this head. As to us, I hope you are satisfied we

8 INTRODUCTION.

have done all we could for you ; for you will now have the advantage of all our best singers.

Enter 2d Player.

2d Player. It is impossible to perform the opera to night, all the fine fingers within are out of humour with their parts. The tenor says, he was never offered such an indignity, and in a rage flung his clean lamb-skin gloves into the fire ; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true kid.

1st Player. Music might tame and civilize wild beasts, but it is evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

Enter 3d Player.

3d Player. Sir, signora *Crotchetta* says, she finds her character so low that she had rather die than sing it.

1st Player. Tell her by her contract I can make her sing it.

Enter signora Crotchetta.

Crotchetta. Barbarous tramontane ! Where are all the lovers of virtue ? Will they not all rise in arms in my defence ? Make me sing it ! good gods ! should I tamely submit to such usage, I should debase myself through all *Europe*.

1st Player. In the opera nine or ten years ago, I remember, madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

Crotchetta. A fish ! monstrous ! Let me inform you, sir, that a mermaid or syren is not many removes from a sea-goddess ; or I had never submitted to be that fish which you are pleased to call me, by way of reproach. I have a cold, sir ; I am sick. I do not see why I may not be allowed the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulged in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence with the town. And so, sir, I have cold ; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

[Exit Crotchetta, in a fury.]

INTRODUCTION. 9

Enter 4th Player.

4th Player. Sir, the base voice insists upon pearl-coloured stockings and red-heeled shoes.

1st Player. There is no governing caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

4th Player. Since the town was last year so good as to encourage an opera without fingers; the favour I was then shewn obliges me to offer myself once more, rather than the audience should be dismissed. All the other comedians upon this emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1st Player. Ladies and gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that fingers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and to accept the proposal of the comedians, who rely wholly on your courtesy and protection.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE OVERTURE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Ducat, a West-Indian planter.

Morana (alias Macheath) captain of the pirates.

Vanderbluff,

Capstern,

Hacker,

Culverin,

Laguerre,

Cutlace,

Pohetohee, an Indian king.

Cawwawkee, his son.

} *Pirates.*

Servants, Indians, Pirates, Guards, &c.

Polly Peachum.

Mrs. Ducat.

Diana Trapes.

Jenny Diver.

Flimzy.

Damaris.

SCENE, in the West-Indies.

P O L L Y:
A N O P E R A.

A C T I.

SCENE, Ducat's House.

Ducat, Trapes.

TRAPES.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the *Indies*, as you are a subject of *Britain* you should live up to our customs. Prodigality there, is a fashion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are wealthy, very wealthy, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you, the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our lords and gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.

AIR I. The disappointed widow.

The manners of the great affect:

Stint not your pleasure:

If conscience had their genius check,

How got they treasure?

POLLY : AN OPERA.

*The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone :
Morals and honesty leave to the poor,
As they do at London.*

Ducat. I never thought to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in the whole *Indies* who lives more plentifully than myself; nor who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

Trapes. There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, 'twould be sure I had never come to mend my fortune to the plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the profuseness of our neighbours. If we could content ourselves with the necessaries of life, no man alive ever need be dishonest. As to woman now; why, look ye, *Mr. Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a wife.

Ducat. Ay, and more!

Trapes. But for all that, d'ye see, you married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviour.

Ducat. But there are jealousies and family lectures, *Mrs. Trapes*.

Trapes. Bless us all! how little are our customs known on this side the herring-pond! Why, jealousy is out of fashion even among our common country gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure, your wife is not so unreasonable as to expect to have you always to herself.

Ducat. As I have a good estate, *Mrs. Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is suitable to my dignity and fortune. Nobody throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer spirit. As to conscience and musty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleasures as any man of quality in *England*; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides,

madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine library of books that I never read; I have a fine stable of hories that I never ride; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must own, I do still cohabit with my wife; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

Trapes. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Ducat, you should break through all this usurpation at once, and keep.— Now too is your time; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arrived: nobody alive shall set eyes upon 'em till you have provided yourself. You should keep your lady in awe by her maid; place a handsome, sprightly wench near your wife, and she will be a spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you show yourself a fine gentleman in every thing.

Ducat. But I am somewhat advanc'd in life, Mrs. *Trapes*, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me; I must leave keeping to younger husbands and old bachelors.

Trapes. There it is again now! Our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the flush of youth and inclination, but our great men are modishly profligate when their appetite hath left them.

A I R II. The Irish ground.

B A S S.

Ducat. *What can wealth
When we're old?
Youth and health
Are not sold.*

T R E B L E.

Trapes. *When love in the pulse beats low,
(As haply it may with you)
A girl can fresh youth bestow,
And kindle desire anew.
Thus, numb'd in the brake,
Without motion, the snake*

POLLY: AN OPERA.

*Sleeps cold winter away :
But in every vein
Life quickens again
On the bosom of May.*

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are at *London*, where we can have fresh goods every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel ; she is perfectly charmed with one of the ladies ; it will be a credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourself. If I had her at *London*, such a lady would be sufficient to make my fortune ; but, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a public house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

Ducat. But how shall I manage matters with my wife ?

Trapes. Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect ; but that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep some decency, and use her with civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her liberties, and take them to yourself. Why, all our fine ladies, in what they call pin-money, have no other views ; it is what they all expect.

Ducat. But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this subject ; so that if I take her, I must act discreetly and keep the affair a dead secret.

Trapes. As to that, sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe conscience, that many a lady of quality have servants of this sort in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the best of them.

Ducat. I have a fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a fashionable figure in life ; if we can agree upon the price, I'll take her into the family.

Trapes. I am glad to see you fling yourself into the polite taste with a spirit. Few, indeed, have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury consists in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and passions, and there is a time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by a delicacy.

Ducat. Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

AIR III. Noel Hills.

*He that weds a beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When pleasure grows a duty,
Farewell love and joy:
He that weds for treasure
(Though he hath a wife)
Hath chose one lasting pleasure
In a married life.*

Enter Damaris.

Damaris, [calling at the door], *Damaris*, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the instant you see your lady at a distance, returning from her walk, be sure to give me notice.

Trapes. She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you a penny, sir, in clothes at first setting out. But, alack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibly.

Ducat. Here, *Damaris*; a glass of rum for Mrs. *Dye*.
[*Damaris* goes out, and returns with a bottle and glass.]

Trapes. But as I was saying, sir, I would not part with her to any body alive but yourself; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobs and chance customers. Come, sir, here's to the young lady's health.

Enter Flimzy.

Trapes. Well, *Flimzy*; are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I ordered you?

Flimzy. Yes, madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to wait your commands. She is a most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood! If you had her in *London* you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign ministers. As I hope to be sav'd, madam, I was forc'd to tell her ten thousand lies before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

Trapes. 'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is bashful and modest, so I must beg leave to prepare her by a little private conversation; and afterwards, sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

Flimzy. But, I hope, sir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, sir, you will pardon my freedom. [*He gives her money,*

AIR IV. Sweetheart, think upon me.

My conscience is of courtly mold,

Fit for highest station.

Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,

Proof against temptation? [Ex. *Flimzy.*

Ducat. We can never sufficiently encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me. [*Exit.*

Trapes. I wonder I am not more wealthy; for, o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forc'd to play at small game. I now and then betray and ruin an innocent girl. And what of that? Can I in conscience expect to be equally rich with those who

betray and ruin provinces and countries? In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumstance, they would act like me; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

A I R V. 'Twas within a furlong.

*In pimps and politicians
The genius is the same;
Both raise their own conditions
On others guilt and shame:
With a tongue well-tipt with lyes
Each the want of parts supplies,
And with a heart that's all disguise,
Keeps his schemes unknown.
Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempter's part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most mischief in their heart.
Each a secret commerce drives,
First corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbours vices thrives,
For they are all his own.*

Enter Flimzy and Polly.

Trapes. Bless my eye-sight! what do I see? I am in a dream, or it is miss *Polly Peachum*! mercy upon me, child, what brought you on this side of the water?

Polly. Love, madam, and the misfortunes of our family. But I am equally surprized to find an acquaintance here: you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and perhaps from you, Mrs. *Dye*, I may receive some information that may be useful to me.

Trapes. You need not be much concern'd, miss *Polly*, at a sentence of transportation, for a young lady of your beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

Polly. Pardon me, madam; you mistake me. 'Tho' I was educated among the most profligate in low-life, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief or

thief-catcher, for indeed I abhorr'd his profession. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known *Macbeath*!

AIR VI. *Sortez des vos retraites.*

*She who hath felt a real pain
By Cupid's dart,
Finds that all absence is in vain
To cure her heart.
Though from my lover cast
Far as from pole to pole,
Still the pure flame must last,
For love is in the soul.*

You must have heard, madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When *Macbeath* was transported, all my peace was banished with him; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

Trapez. Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachum*! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was obliged to no-body more, except the physicians: but they die it seems too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

Polly. Every monthly sessions-paper, like the apothecary's files (if I may make the comparison) was a record of his services. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hang'd.

Trapez. This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprizing genius; and it will be unsafe to push at making a great fortune, if such accidents grow common. But sure, child, you are not so mad as to think of following *Macbeath*.

Polly. In following him I am in pursuit of my quiet. I love him; and, like a troubled ghost, shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in despair.

Trapez. My dear miss *Polly*, you must not think of

It 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation, and turn'd pirate. Then too what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over he married a transported slave, one *Jenny Diver*, and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very devil to our sex; not a woman of the greatest vivacity shifts her inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you; for, like an upstart, he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

Polly. Why have I a heart so constant? cruel love!

AIR VII. O Waly, Waly, up the bank.

Farewell, farewell, all hopes of blis!

For Polly always must be thine.

Shall then my heart be ever his,

Which never can again be mine?

O love, you play a cruel part,

Thy shaft still festers in the wound;

You should reward a constant heart,

Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found!

Trapes. I tell you once again, miss *Polly*, you must think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly, that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field; there is not a woman that comes in his way, but he must have a taste of; besides, there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off wherewithal to support you.

Polly. Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea, and I am now a wretched vagabond expos'd to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

Trapes. Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you shall be with me.

Polly. As soon as I can have remittances from *England*, I shall be able to acknowledge your goodness:

I have still five hundred pounds there, which will be return'd to me upon demand; but I had rather undertake any honest service that might afford me a maintenance than be burthensome to my friends.

Trapes. Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily! madam *Ducat* just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you, must please her: then too, her husband is the civilest, best-bred man alive. You are now in her house, and I won't leave it till I have settled you. Be chearful, my dear child, for who knows but all these misfortunes may turn to your advantage? You are in a rich agreeable family, and I dare say your person and behaviour will soon make you a favourite. As to captain *Macheath*, you may now safely look upon yourself as a widow; and who knows, if madam *Ducat* should tip off, what may happen? I shall recommend you, miss *Polly*, as a gentlewoman.

AIR VIII. O *Jenny*, come tie me.

Despair is all folly;

Hence, melancholy,

Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.

By beauty's possession

Us'd with discretion,

Woman at all times hath joy in her power.

Polly. The service, madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

Trapes. Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assur'd, miss *Polly*, I'll do my best for you. [*Exeunt Polly and Flimzy.*]

Enter Ducat.

Trapes. Mr. *Ducat*. Sir. You may come in. I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and, to be plain with you, sir, I have run great risques for her: I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her relations! she too herself was exceeding difficult. And I can assure you, to ruin a girl of severe education is no

small addition to the pleasure of our fine gentlemen. I can be answerable for it too, that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have disposed of her upon the same account, for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of *London*; and then too I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

Ducat. But if I like her I would agree upon terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the conscience of other trades-people, and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a certainty.

Trapes. Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity. Why your fine men, who never pay any body else, pay their pimps and bawds well; always ready money. I ever dealt conscientiously, and set the lowest price upon my ladies; when you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

Ducat. But, dear Mrs. *Dye*, a hundred pistoles, say you? why, I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

Trapes. But sure you cannot expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that rate. You are not us'd to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the clothes, are all tarnished and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips in conversation with my maid *Flimzy* in the hall.

Ducat. Why truly I must own she is handsome.

Trapes. Bless me, you are no more mov'd by her, than if she were your wife. Handsome! what a cold-ausband-like expression is that! nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own, since she was landed. She is pure she was imported, without the least adulteration.

Ducat. I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the

nail. You shall leave her with me. Come, count your money, Mrs. Dye.

Trapes. What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

Ducat. You make me mis-reckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

Trapes. What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

Ducat. As vivifying as the sun. I have paid you ten.

Trapes. What a racy flavour must breathe from those lips!

Ducat. I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! Twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

Trapes. What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In short, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as restorative.

Ducat. This fifty then makes it just the sum. So now, madam, you may deliver her up.

Enter Damaris.

Damaris. Sir, sir, my mistress is just at the door. [*Ex.*

Ducat. Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. Dye; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house 'till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her immediately. [*Ex. Trapes.*

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. I can never be out of the way, for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly fellow. Such usage might force the most virtuous woman to repentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in *England*. In short, Mr. *Ducat*, if you behave yourself like an *English* husband, I will behave myself like an *English* wife.

AIR IX. Red House.

*I will have my humours, I'll please all my senses,
I will not be stinted—in love or expences.*

*I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure ;
 You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure :
 Thus every day I'll pass my life,
 My home shall be my least resort ;
 For sure 'tis fitting that your wife
 Shou'd copy ladies of the court.*

Ducat. All these things I know are natural to the sex, my dear. But husbands, like colts, are restif, and they require a long time to break 'em. Besides, 'tis not the fashion as yet, for husbands to be govern'd in this country. That tongue of your's, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to persuade me out of my reason. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

AIR X. Old Orpheus tickl'd, &c.

*When billows come breaking on the strand,
 The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand :
 Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar,
 And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more.
 With a twinkum, twankum, &c.*

With that weapon, women, like pirates, are at war with the whole world. But, I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole business of my life to please you ; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have bought you the handiest creature ; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

Mrs. Ducat. I will have none of your hussies about me. And so, sir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

Ducat. But I bought her on purpose for you, madam.

Mrs. Ducat. For your own filthy inclinations, you mean. I won't bear it. What keep an impudent strumpet under my nose ! Here's fine doings, indeed !

Ducat. I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, madam, be satisfy'd,

POLLY: AN OPERA.

AIR XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a woman jealous grows,
Farewell all peace of life!*

Mrs. Ducat. *But ere man roses, he should pay what he
owes,*

And with her due content his wife.

Ducat. *'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.*

Mrs. Ducat. *We too, whene'er we list, obey.*

Ducat. *'Tis just and fit*

You should submit.

Mrs. Ducat. *But sweet kind husband—not to day.*

Ducat. *Let your clack be still.*

Mrs. Ducat. *Not 'till I have my will.*

If thus you reason slight,

There's never an hour

While breath has power,

But I will assert my right.

Would I had you in England; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not suffer such a precedent of submission. And so, Mr. Ducat, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your trollops out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

Ducat. Look'ee, wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And I will break this jealous spirit of your's before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order, that upon my account, you behave yourself to the girl as you ought.

Mrs. Ducat. I wish you would behave yourself to your wife as you ought; that is to say, with good manners, and compliance. And so, sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would sooner die upon the spot, than not be mistress of my own house. *[Exit, in a passion.]*

Ducat. If by these perverse humours, I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance; the thing is so common among people of condition, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies are

kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. [*Enter Damaris.* *Damaris,* saw you my wife? Is she in her own room? What said she? Which way went she?

Damaris. Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury! Thank my stars, I never saw her look so before in all my life; tho' mayhap you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

AIR XII. Cheshire-rounds.

*When kings by their buffing
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cussing
Light upon the rabble.
Thus when man and wife
By their mutual snubbing,
Kindle civil strife,
Servants get the drubbing.*

Ducat. I would have you, *Damaris*, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes a-foot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

Damaris. She's wild, sir. There's no speaking to her. She's been into the garden! Mercy upon us all, how can you be so unreasonable to contradict me, when you know we can't bear it?

Ducat. I depend upon you, *Damaris*, for intelligence. You may observe her at a distance; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. 'Tis my sweetest pleasure in the revenge that I have now in my head! I'll this instant go and take my charge from Mrs. *Trapes*. [*Aside.*] *Damaris*, you know our instructions. [*Exit.*]

Damaris. Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty! I am employ'd by my master to watch my mistress, and my mistress to watch my master. Which party shall I serve? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers,

jurisdiction and power, the common cause of the whole sex, are at stake. But my master I see is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my observations.

[Exit.

Enter Ducat and Polly.

Ducat. Be cheerful, *Polly*, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of your's, *Polly*, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct, and know how to make the most of 'em.

Polly. As I am your servant, sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your flattery, tho' I know myself undeserving. But sure, sir, in handsome women, you must have observed that their hearts often oppose their interest: and beauty certainly has ruin'd more women than it has made happy.

AIR XIII. The bush a boon Traquair.

*The crow or hawk thro' all the year
No fowler seeks to ruin;
But birds of voice or feather rare
He's all day long pursuing.
Beware, fair maids, to 'scape the net
That other beauties fell in;
For sure at heart was never yet
So great a wretch as Helen!*

If my lady, sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

Ducat. I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted. [bars the door.

Polly. I wish, sir, you would let me receive my lady's commands.

Ducat. And so, *Polly*, by these downcast looks of your's, you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no faith in your looking-glass. Why every pretty woman studies her face, and a looking-glass to her is what a book is to a

pedant; she is poring upon it all day long. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by conversations with his wife. A kiss on those lips, would make me young again. [*Kisses her.*]

AIR XIV. Bury Fair.

Polly. *How can you be so teasing?*

Ducat. *Love will excuse my fault.*

How can you be so pleasing! [*Going to kiss her.*]

Polly. *I vow I'll not be naught.*

Ducat. *All maids I know at first resist.* [*Struggling.*]
A master may command.

Polly. *You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd;*
Nay, fye, let go my hand.

Ducat. *'Tis foolish pride——*

Polly. *'Tis vile, 'tis base,*

Poor innocence to wrong;

Ducat. *I'll force you.*

Polly. *Guard me from disgrace.*

You find that virtue's strong. [*Pushing him away.*]

'Tis barbarous in you, sir, to take the occasion of my necessities to insult me.

Ducat. Nay, huffy, I'll give you money.

Polly. I despise it. No, sir, tho' I was horn and
and I could, I can dare to be poor, which is the
something a-days men are ashamed of.

Ducat. I shall humble these saucy airs of your's,
Is this language from a servant! from

Polly. I then betray'd and sold!

Ducat. Nay, huffy, that you are; and as legally my
any woman is her husband's, who sells
marriage.

Polly. Ornaments that change constitutions have no
manners. What a profligate is that

Ducat. Your fortune, your happiness depends upon
your compliance. What, proof against a bribe! Sure,
huffy, you belie your country, or you must have had
a very vulgar education. 'Tis unnatural.

AIR XV. Bobbing Joan.

*Maids like courtiers must be woo'd,
Most by flattery are subdu'd:
Some capricious, coy, or nice,
Out of pride protract the vice,
But they fall,
One and all,
When we bid up to their price.*

Besides, hussy, your consent may make me your slave; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You must be more than woman if you can stand that too.

Polly. Sure you only mean to try me! but 'tis barbarous to trifle with my distresses.

Ducat. I'll have none of these airs. 'Tis impertinent in a servant, to have scruples of any kind. I hire honour, conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by halves. And so, to be plain with you, you obstinate slut, you shall either contribute to my pleasure or my profit; and if you refuse play in the bed-chamber, you shall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd myself.

Polly. My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity: and whatever is my lot, having that, I shall have the comfort of hope, and find pleasure in reflection.

AIR XVI. A swain long tortur'd with disdain.

*Can I or toil or hunger fear?
For love's a pain that's more severe;
The slave, with virtue in his breast,
Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.*

But love, when unhappy, the more virtuous he is, the more it suffers.

Ducat. What noise is that?

Damaris. [Without] Sir, sir.

Ducat. Step into the closet; I will call you out immediately to present you to my wife. Don't let idleness ruin your fortune. The next opportunity I hope you will be better dispos'd.

Damaris. Open the door, fir. This moment, this moment.

Enter Damaris.

Ducat. What's the matter? Was any body about to ravish you? Is the house o'fire? Or my wife in a passion?

Damaris. O fir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer you know. I hope you have time enough to sling up your commission.

Enter 1st Footman.

1st Footman. The neighbours, fir, are all frightened out of their wits; they leave their houses, and fly to your's for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

Ducat. If they only took what one could spare.

1st Footm. That's true, there were no great harm done.

Ducat. How are the musquets?

1st Footm. Rusty, fir, all rusty and peaceable! For we never clean them but against training-day.

Damaris. Then, fir, your honour is safe, for now you have a just excuse against fighting.

Enter 2d Footman.

2d Footman. The *Indians*, fir, with whom we are in alliance, are all in arms: there will be bloody work to be done. I hope they will decide the matter before my lady.

Enter Mrs. Ducat.

Mrs. Ducat. O dear husband, I'm frighten'd so! I will become of us all! I thought a storm for your wicked lewdness would light us all up.

Ducat. Presence of mind, my dear, is as necessary in dangers as courage.

Damaris. But you are too rich to have courage. You should fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people to be brave and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

Enter Maids, &c. one after another.

1st Maid. The pirates, fir, the pirates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women!

2d Maid. We shall all be ravish'd.

1st Old Woman. All be ravish'd!

2d Old Woman. Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd; all be ravish'd!

1st Old Woman. But if fortune will have it so, patience is a virtue, and we must undergo it.

2d Old Woman. Ay, for certain we must all bear it, Mrs. Dumaris.

3d Footman. A soldier, fir, from the *Indian* camp, desires admittance. He's here, fir.

Enter Indian.

Indian. I come, fir, to the *Engliſh* colony, with whom we are in alliance, from the mighty king *Pobetohsee*, my lord and master, and addreſs myſelf to you, as you are of the council, for ſuccours. The pirates are ravaging and plundering the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppoſe them.

Ducat. Does *Macheath* command the enemy?

Indian. Report ſays he is dead. Above twelve moons are paſſed ſince we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

Ducat. I ſhall inform the council; and we ſhall ſoon be ready to join you. So acquaint the king your maſter.

[*Exit Indian.*]

AIR XVII. March in *Scipio*

Brave boys, prepare.

[*To the men.*]

Ah! ceaſe, fond wiſe, to cry.

[*To her.*]

Servant.

For when the danger's near,

We've time enough to fly.

Mrs. Ducat.

How can you be diſgrac'd!

For wealth ſecures your fame.

Servant.

The rich are always plac'd

Above the ſenſe of ſhame.

Mrs. Ducat. Let honour spur the slave,
To fight for fighting's sake:

Ducat. But even the rich are brave
When money is at stake.

Be satisfy'd, my dear, I shall be discreet. My servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither, *Polly*; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your service, [*Enter Polly.*] and use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are very frivolous and unreasonable.

Mrs. Ducat. I hate to have a handsome wench about me. They are always so saucy!

Ducat. Women, by their jealousies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

Mrs. Ducat. I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

Ducat. Affairs, you see, call me hence. And so I leave her under your protection. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Ducat. Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. [*Exit Polly.*] Well, *Damaris*, to be sure you have observed all that has passed. I will know all. I'm sure she's a hussy.

Damaris. Nay, madam, I can't say so much. But—

Mrs. Ducat. But what?

Damaris. I hate to make mischief.

AIR XVIII. Jig-it-o'Foot.

etter to doubt

ll that's doing,

han to find out

oofs of ruin.

servants hear and see

ould they tattle,

age all day would be

and battle.

A servant's legs and hands should be under your command, but, for the sake of quiet, you should leave their tongues to their own discretion.